THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PARNELL'S IRON MINES.

Interesting Description of the Irish Leader's Efforts to Convert Wicklow into an Irish Pennsylvania.

His Quarries Quite Successful.

"If Mr. Parnell were not a great statesman he would probably be an eminent scientist." So wrote Mr. T. W. Stead, of "The Review of Reviews," in one of his countless panegyrics of the Irish leader. Outside of politics, the bent of Mr. Parnell's mind is towards chemistry and engineering; and his practical acquaintance with these sciences was shown in a very remarkable degree by the incidents of a visit which he made on Saturday to his mines and quarries near Avondale. Mr. Parnell was accompanied to Wicklow by Dr. J. E. Kenny, M. P., and a representative of the *Freeman's Journal*. We left Harcourt street terminus by the 10 train, and on arriving at Rathdrum, the nearest station to Avondale, were met by Mr. Kerr, the manager of Mr. Parnell's estate and industries. A visit was first paid to the iron mines. They lie in the districts of Ballykeppel and Ballard, and were reached after a half hour's drive on an outside car. Though the visit was unexpected, Mr. Parnell, who wore a tweed "fore and-aft" cap, was invariable recognized by the country folk. Hats were raised; greetings of "God save you," were warmly expressed, and now and then some more enthusiastic than the others gave vent to their feelings in a wild cheer. It is a fact, accepted by friends and foes, that everything Mr. Parnell has put his hands to has succeeded. He has never been beaten yet, and very likely never will. We have an illustration of it in those iron mines of Ballard and Ballykeppel. Attempt after attempt has been made during the past 250 years to discover the iron lode, which it was shrewdly guessed from the geological formation of [illegible] strict was to be found here, but [illegible] attempt failed until Mr. Parnell [illegible] experiments about ten months ago. [illegible]er the place are indications that [illegible]me to time several shafts were [illegible]n the search for ore. One of the [illegible]t shafts is, according to local tra[illegible]ce, as old as the time of Cromwell. [illegible]he first step taken by Mr. Parnell in his [illegible]eriments was to have this shaft cleared [illegible]gain. At a depth of five fathoms, or [illegible]ty feet, to which the shaft had been sunk by the original miners, were found implements of various kinds, and from that discovery Mr. Parnell came to the conclusion that the work had been abandoned and the mine deserted, not because it was considered a failure, but because these miners in those far-off and troubled times were interrupted by a raid of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes from the mountain glens, and compelled to fly for their lives, leaving their implements behind them. The excavation of the ancient shaft was continued by Mr. Parnell's directions, and, sure enough, ten fathoms lower down the lode was discovered!

The next thing to do was to trace the course of the vein. This was attended by not a little difficulty, but in the end, after many experimental tests, the zig zag and apparently eccentric windings of the lode—here, there, and everywhere; up hill and down dale—were followed with wonderful exactness. Two fresh shafts were sunk to various depths—the shortest of these being 90 feet; and on Saturday we found a number of men employed at all the shafts bringing the ore to the surface. An analysis of the mineral has shown it to be rich in iron, containing at least sixty per cent. of the metal. In a few weeks Mr. Parnell will have shipped a couple of cargoes of the ore to Whitehaven for smelting purposes, and if that test is also successful—and that it will be is certain—a prosperous career is before Mr. Parnell's iron mines at Ballykeppel. During our two hours' inspection of the mines, the variety and depth of the Irish leader's knowledge was strikingly exemplified. Thomas Davis has told us that his *beau ideal* of an Irishman is an Irishman who knows Ireland from its history to its minerals; from its tillage to its antiquities. Mr. Parnell is an Irishman, then, of the right metal. That he knows the physical products of his estate, and that his mastery of chemical and mechanical science is complete, are proved by his successful working of the iron mines. His interesting and brilliant conversation during the day showed that his acquaintance with the history, topography, and geological formation of the county of Wicklow is also profound. It was easy to learn from that conversation what were the influences that formed his mind—what directed his thoughts to chemical and mechanical science, and what to Irish politics. There is no county in Ireland perhaps so rich in mineral wealth—in iron, copper, and sulphur—as Wicklow, especially that portion of it about Avondale. To that circumstance the bent of Mr. Parnell's mind towards science may be ascribed; but the influence of the legendary and historical associations of the scenes amid which he grew from boy to man were manifestly far more powerful in moulding his nature. "There are well-fought fields around here," he said, as we reached while driving to the quarries, an eminence that commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. He pointed out with pride Glenmalure—the famous fastness of Feach MacHugh O'Byrne, and his successor as chief of the clan, Phelim O'Byrne, who held it for Ireland in the brave days when Hugh O'Neill led the Ulster confederacy, and he told us with sparkling eyes many stories of the feats in war and foray of those wild and hardy mountaineers. Of later times that saw deeds as brave; of the days when Michael O'Dwyer, in '98 and 1803, raised the standard of revolt against foreign domination in Ireland, Mr. Parnell is also full, and we might have heard, too, stirring stories of '67, when Avondale was the refuge of many fugitive Fenians who were anxiously "wanted" by the paternal authorities, if we had not reached the stone quarries of which Mr. Parnell is almost owner.

"The big rock quarries," as they are called, are about two miles from Arklow. The Corporation of Dublin deserve some credit for the encouragement they gave this new industry when it was commenced about six years ago. They accepted a contract from Mr. Parnell for the supply of paving setts at 24s per ton, but they did so on the strong recommendation of the city engineer, and by so doing effected two very praiseworthy objects—they kept money in the pockets of the Dublin ratepayers, and for the first time were able to use Irish stone in paving the streets of the Irish metropolis. Previous to this the Corporation had been paying 26s per ton for paving setts to Welsh companies, and when the monopolists found that they had been cut out by an Irishman with Irish material in the Irish metropolis, they opened their eyes in wonder and astonishment, and on recovering their scattered senses went for smashing that daring and fool-hardy Irishman. The next time tenders were invited these Welshmen offered to supply the Corporation of the city of Dublin at 19s per ton the very same stone for which for years they had been getting 26s per ton from Dublin, and for which at that time and ever since they have been receiving 26s per ton from the civic authorities in Liverpool. Of course it was the old game of the monopolist when his monopoly is assailed. This new competitor in the field was to be crushed at any cost, and then, the monopoly restored, up would go prices again to the old high and dry standard. The Corporation, however, refused to be any parties to this game. They renewed the contract with Mr. Parnell, but in order to appease in some degree the howl of favoritism and jobbery which, as a matter of course, came from Tory quarters at the time, the Corporation with amiable weakness gave a large order for paving setts to a quarry in county Antrim. This stone had nothing to recommend it except the fact that it came from the Orange North. Imagine the Corporation of Belfast accepting the Arklow paving setts simply and solely because they had a green complexion and came from a Catholic and Nationalist quarter! This stone from county Antrim turned out to be totally unfitted for the main thoroughfare whose traffic is heavy, and its use had to be confined to the back streets. It was taken no more, and the quarry at Ballintoy is now closed. The stone from Mr. Parnell's quarries has been pronounced to be far superior to the Welsh stone for paving purposes. It is just as hard and as durable as the latter, but while the Welsh paving setts become slippery and polished like glass from the traffic, the Arklow setts retain a rough and firm surface to the last. A remarkable testimonial to the superiority of the Arklow stone is found in the fact that macadam in large quantities has been supplied by Mr. Parnell to Birkenhead, Cardin, Swansea, and Newport, all of which are towns practically in touch with the Welsh quarries. Large orders for macadam have also been executed at Big Rock Quarries for the London vestries. And Mr. Parnell has sent paving setts and macadam to places even as far off as Gibraltar and North Germany. The supply of stone at the Big Rock Quarries is inexhaustible; and the further in the excavations of the rock go the better the quality becomes. The largest orders in paving setts and macadam can be executed; and Mr. Parnell means to leave nothing undone to develop the industry to the fullest extent. Up to this the greatest bar in the path of Mr. Parnell has been the ill condition of Arklow harbor, but, thanks in a great measure to his own exertions, that difficulty will be very soon removed. His plans for the improvement of the harbor have been adopted under the advice of Mr. Strype, C. E. and the works will be commenced next month. £7,000 will be expended on the works. Portion of this money has been granted by the treasury, and the remainder advanced on loan on the security of the rates of the town. Mr. Parnell has agreed to supply free of charge the stone required in the works to the value of about £2,000. It is confidently expected that the harbor will be materially improved by these works, and ships of moderate tonnage enabled to enter with safety at nearly all periods of the year. The harbor and the quarries are being connected by a narrow gauge two feet tramway line a mile and five eighths in extent, at a cost to Mr. Parnell of £1,200 The line, which was surveyed and laid down by Mr. Strype, C. E., and his assistant, Mr. Panzing, C. E., will be opened for traffic in a month. It runs down a hill so steep that the wagons once started will travel to their destination of their own impetus in five minutes, and an engine will be necessary only to bring back the empties. But these mining and quarrying industries are not the only ones Mr. Parnell has inaugurated on his estate. He has also opened saw mills at Avondale principally for the supply of wood pavement blocks and railway sleepers. Beech blocks from these hills have been used in the laying down of Grafton street and Suffold street in wood pavement, and have been considered of great service and utility, which Mr. Kerr, Mr. Parnell's manager, believes would have been greatly increased had they been first subjected to the hardening process called "creosoting." From all this it will be seen that Mr. Parnell has found time amid all the duties and cares and responsibilities of political life to develop the industrial resources of the country so far as his powers and opportunities allowed. Dr. Kenny, M. P., returned to Dublin in the evening, and Mr. Parnell remained at Avondale.

It is a great misfortune for the young and middle aged to be gray. To overcome this and appear young, use Hall's Hair Renewer, a reliable panacea.

HANDSOME ISLANDERS.

Miss Banim, in Her Farewell Letter on the Arran Isles, Compliments the Appearance and Manners of the People.

A Highly Interesting Church Service.

About half way between Kilmurvey and Kilronan stands the one little church that Arainn na-Naimbh now boasts. It is on the slope of the hill, and commands the lovely view I have before endeavored to describe. In front of their church the Arraners have made a stretch of real land, a hanging garden of green turf, enclosed by a low wall, and here, long before the mass commences, the people collect on Sundays from every part of the island. Here, too, after mass, they rest long in groups, sitting on the grass, on the low wall, on the rocks by the roadside, all indulging in a good shanachus on that one day of general meeting and renewal of friendly intercourse. A striking people the islanders look thus met together; their refined and noble bearing; their simply dignified manners; the handsome men and women, looking so well in their Sunday attire, which with the men seems to have an all pervading look of white about it, white flannel—home spun, of course—forming a part of each man's costume. This is relieved by the invariable Venetian red of the women's petticoats and the matrons' white caps, which they veil with a kerchief when in the church, while the young girls' universal mantilla-worn shawls are more graceful, modest, and becoming than all the millinery in the world.

But it was within the church I was most struck by the demeanor of all, old and young. The pew belonging to the one family of resident gentry half faces the aisle, so I could, without rudeness, observe the congregation before mass and during the Irish sermon; and never can I forget their real devotion, the earnestness, the reverence, the intenseness of faith visible in all its beautiful simplicity.

Nearly an hour before mass a large congregation had already assembled in the chapel. The little ones were at the end of the nave, where sat the schoolmistress, one whose earnest face made me think she was a good teacher to have over these innocent island children. She was an

"IRISHAN"

(a general term for one who can read as well as speak Irish), and recited to her classes the catechism and gospel lessons of the day both in Irish and English, the old people, the men especially, listening intently the while, for, somehow, we never in later days weary of hearing, over and over again, those first lessons of our faith.

Catechism over, the elders drew near the altar, and a white-haired old man recited aloud the rosary and litany, in the soft, sweet Irish of Arran. A beautiful picture the old man was, as he knelt at the altar rails, his eyes raised devoutly, or fixed on the crucifix of his beads, one of those rosaries we now only see with the aged country folk—large ebony beads, with massive silver cross and decades.

I am afraid I had many distractions that Sunday. But what stranger could help gazing at such a congregation? What Irish man or woman but would feel proud to see here, where is none but an unmixed Irish race, a people whose appearance and manners showed not alone a rare beauty of form and feature but of heart and mind as well? A nobler-looking race could not, I think, be found the world over; gentler, purer faces I have never seen around an altar.

After mass the Sunday-school assembled, and we remained to go from class to class to hear the pupils examined I can only say that if the Marlborough street or Westland row Sunday classes were to meet Father Michael's Island scholars at an examination the city schools had better look to their laurels. But, then (and I am in sober earnest), the young citizens of our "advanced civilization" would, intellectually speaking, be at a serious disadvantage near the youth of Aranmore, who, one and all, know two languages—they have even the happiness of knowing their native tongue; and, for the benefit of those who have been taught that it is "vulgar" and useless to speak Irish, I will quote the words of a great writer, a great traveler, and a very gifted man—the late Dr. R R. Madden—who once said, when enumerating a long list of European languages of which he was master: "I would give them all to know my native tongue"

"Oh, Aranmor! loved Aranmor!" Shall I ever forget those brief, happy days? that bright Sunday, with its crowd of kindly memories, with the greetings and blessings of the morning, in the little chapel on the rock; the pleasant meeting with friends I trust never to lose; the walk by the cliffs to try, before leaving, could we get even one faint glimpse of Hy Brasail; the drive by the poor

VILLAGE OF BUNGOWLA

and on to the farthest point of Arran, and then, as we drove back again through Bungowla, poor but gracious in its ways, that touching presentation to the stranger ladies of a fragrant bouquet or meadow-sweet, hare bell, and woodbine, made by a deputation of one pretty little child, sent by the women who looked on from the rock above "a custom of the place," they said. Long may it reign!

Even before the time came for leaving, the loadstone had done its work. If Dun Ængus had but a roof—

Once again the little Galway excursion steamer—"The Cittie of the Tribes"—was moored in Arran harbor, and our last day on the island had come and gone. The bell calling passengers to return on board had rung three times when we reluctantly took our depature and hurried down the quay, crowded by groups of returning tourists and kindly natives thronging to the wharf to see us off with a hearty beannacht leat. Four times the gangway was removed, and four times it had to be hauled on shore again before the last of the visitors could tear themselves away; but finally, amid hearty farewells on both sides, the "Cittie of the Tribes" got under way, and we steamed off

The last sight of Arran was the little pier, on which stood a striking group; the white-clad fishermen, two or three women with their crimson skirts, blue mantles, and brilliant kerchiefs, and, in the centre of his flock, the dark-robed figure of Father Michael, wearing his priestly dress of long black soutane and low-crowned French hat.

Gradually the Arran Isles grew dim in the distance. On my horizon rises up my Hy-Brasail—which, who knows, but I may some day find—an ornamental cabin on Aranmor, a corrach on Arran bay, a big fortune wherewith to buy up the island, and an Irish heart large enough to find my happiness in changing the present hard lot of the islanders to one of peace and comfort—and thus make Arainn-na-Naimbh not alone the Island of Saints, but also the Land of the Blessed.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

HOPE FOR A SETTLEMENT.

LONDON, Jan. 20.—At an early hour this morning a reporter called on Messrs. O'Brien, Dillon and Gill, who are staying at the house of Mr. Raffalovitch, Mr. O'Brien's father-in-law, in Paris. Mr. O'Brien received the reporter in his bed room. In answer to the question as to what had been the result of the conference, he said: "It is difficult under existing circumstances to make any statement with respect to the conference, as it is still necessary for us to preserve silence on the matter." Then Mr. O'Brien dictated the following statement:

As I had every reason to anticipate, Mr. Dillon and myself are in full agreement and with a view to success, our reticence, patience and mutual forbearance will continue. That is as necessary as ever. The matter is so delicate and so surrounded with difficulties that it is hard to be sanguine of the result. All I am free to say is that we have made substantial progress toward a settlement which will be satisfactory to the British as well as to our own sentiment. There has not been a single day's needless delay. We shall not leave France without exhausting every effort for a peace, and a very few days now must determine the result.

While this was being written Mr. Dillon entered the room, read the statement and signified his approval of it. It is improbable that the conference of Boulogne will be resumed.

Timothy Healy delivered a lecture yesterday evening at Mullingar, and a riotous scene was the result. A strong force of sympathizers with Parnell gathered outside the hall, and threats of violence toward Mr. Healy were freely uttered. When the latter emerged from the hall he was greeted with a storm of howls and yells and a rush was made by the Parnellites in his direction. Luckily a number of priests who had been present at the meeting, interposed themselves between Mr. Healy and the infuriated mob, and thus probably enabled that gentleman to escape from a rough handling. The Dublin *Express* today says that, judging from Mr. Parnell's bluster and defiance, he intends to continue leader of the Irish party, even if he has to become a Fenian. The *Express* is also of the opinion that Mr. Parnell has dropped constitutional agitation and become a separatist.

It is understood that Vincent Scully, the defeated Parnellite candidate for Kilkenny, has abandoned his petition for the unseating of Sir John Pope Hennessy. The sergeant at arms of the house of commons has notified the Irish leaders that he cannot provide a room for debates over the question of the Irish leadership. This is looked upon as a hint that the house does not wish the wrangle continued in the halls of Westminster.

MATRIMONIAL.

MONAHAN-AGNEW.

Mr. Charles P. Monahan, of this city, and Miss Maria Agnew, eldest daughter of Mr. Frank Agnew, formerly sheriff of Cook county, and now a resident of St. Paul, Minn., were married in the latter city on the 15th inst. The wedding was strictly a family event, and none but relatives and very intimate friends of the contracting parties were present. Mr. Monahan is a promising young business man, and his bride is one of the handsomest and stateliest ladies to whom Chicago has given birth. The nuptial ceremony was performed by the Rev. P. J. Agnew, of this city, uncle of the bride. Among the wedding guests from Chicago were Messrs. Fred Bessler and Thos. Denneby, and Misses Clara Conlan and Nora Reedy. Mr. and Mrs. Monahan have the sincerest good wishes of all who know them for their future happiness and prosperity. They will be at home to their friends, at their Fullerton avenue residence, after Feb. 6 THE CITIZEN gives the happy couple its warmest congratulations.

SCANLAN-TURNER.

Mr. Mortimer J. Scanlan and Miss Nellie Turner, both of this city, were united in marriage, the Rev. Father O'Neill officiating, at the West Twelfth street Jesuit church on Wednesday afternoon. A reception was subsequently given at the residence of the bride's mother, No. 350 South May street. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. John F. Scanlan; Mr. and Mrs. M. Scanlan; Misses Connelly, McQuade, Dorgan, McMahon, Hafley, Dempsey, Murphy and Flynn, and Messrs. M. J. Turner, Paul Morand, John McLaughlin, Frank Rheims, T. B. Barrett and William Turner.

FOR THE CURE of the inflammation and congestion called "a cold in the head" there is more potency in Ely's Cream Balm than in anything else it is possible to prescribe. This preparation has for years past been making a brilliant success as a remedy for cold in the head, catarrh and hay fever. Used in the initial stages of these complaints Cream Balm prevents any serious development of the symptoms, while almost numberless cases are on record of radical cures of chronic catarrh, after all other modes of treatment have failed.

RELEASED INVINCIBLES.

James Mullet, One of the Men Accused of Having Conspired to Kill Cavendish and Bourke Tells a Sad Story.

Brutal Treatment Received in English and Irish Jails by All the Political Prisoners.

[*Dublin Freeman.*]

Four of the Invincible prisoners—James Mullett, Daniel Delaney, William Moroney, and Edward O'Brien—have been released from Downpatrick prison and are now at their homes in Dublin. They, with seventeen others, making twenty-one in all, were arrested on Jan. 12, 1883, in connection with the charge of having wilfully murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke on the 6th of May, 1882. In regard to the four whose names have been mentioned that charge was subsequently changed to one of having conspired to murder government officials in Ireland. The commission opened in Green street courthouse on April 9, 1883, and on May 17 the four prisoners now released were sentenced, having pleaded guilty to the charge of conspiracy, to ten years' penal servitude each. Of the others who composed the twenty-one, Michael Kavanagh, Joe Hanlon, Joe Smith, Robert Farrell, Peter Carey, and James Carey became informers; Joe Brady, Daniel Curley, Timothy Kelly, Tom Caffrey, and Michael Fagan were hanged at Kilmainham; while Thomas Martin and John Dwyer were allowed to leave the country. Matthew Brady pleaded guilty to writing a threatening letter, and was liberated; Thomas Doyle was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and has been for some years at liberty; while James Fitzharris ("Skin the Goat"), Laurence Hanlon, and Joseph Mullett were sentenced to penal servitude for life, and Edward McCaffrey to ten years' imprisonment. The four who have just been released are looking extremely well, with the exception of O'Brien, who has been under the care of the doctor ever since his removal from Chatham to Downpatrick.

James Mullet was released from Downpatrick prison on Monday, morning and reached Dublin the same evening. He at once proceeded to No. 13 Lower Bridge street, where his wife ever since his arrest has continued to carry on his business of publican and grocer. There he was seen by a representative of the *Freeman*, and, judging from appearances, his health has not been in any way injured by his long confinement; in fact, he looks as healthy and cheerful as if he had just returned from a holiday trip. In reply to questions, he said that at the time of the Phœnix Park murders he was in prison as a suspect. He was only released in September of that year, and he was rearrested on the charge of conspiracy to murder in January, 1883. He proceeded to deal with the events of his prison life from the time of his sentence and during his confinement in Kilmainham and Mountjoy prisons up to the time he was removed to Chatham.

What kind of prison life had you in Chatham?

Edward McCaffrey and myself were treated very harshly. We were punished by solitary confinement for merely nodding our heads at one another, and while under punishment we were not allowed to go to mass on Sundays. The prison officials treated those accused of being dynamitards, especially Wilson, Dr. Gallagher, and Featherstone, in the same way, and did not allow them to go to divine service while under punishment. That was not the system in the Irish prisons, where punishment did not prevent the attendance at mass. On Easter Sunday, 1884, though my time for detention in my cell was up, I was not allowed out till after 12 o'clock, when mass was over. The reason I was then in the cell was that I had stated I was suffering from toothache. That statement was perfectly true, and I had shown my swollen jaw to the governor. The officials in Chatham treated us very badly, especially myself and McCaffrey. They were even indecent in the way they stripped us when we were ordered to be punished.

What about the statements made as to the physical breakdown of Joe Mullett?

Joe Mullett is little better than about six stone in weight, and he has been suffering for the past four years in a way which, I understand, has caused the prison doctor to say that he might fall dead any time. Dr. McConkey is the prison doctor, and there is nothing to be said against him in this respect, for he has done everything possible to keep Joe Mullett alive. But if the poor fellow be kept in much longer he will die. He has only one relative living, a weak old woman of about 70 years of age, who, since his imprisonment, has had to earn her own livelihood. Removal to another prison would do Joe Mullett no good, and if he is to be kept in prison at all Downpatrick is as good for him as anywhere else. I am perfectly certain the lord lieutenant does not know the facts about Joe Mullett, for no humane man would keep such a man in prison.

When will Edward M'Caffrey be out?

He won't be out till June or July. He was treated very badly. He had a quarrel with some of the ordinary convicts, and was in consequence refused permission to send the usual letter home. Being refused permission he refused to work. He was put in solitary confinement for six or seven months for that offense, and because of a letter to his wife and some tobacco having been found in his cell. Had this occurred with an ordinary convict, however, the punishment would only have been two or three days on bread and water. This solitary confinement nearly drove McCaffrey mad, and when I left Downpatrick he was not quite himself again.

Did anything worthy of special mention occurr to any of your fellow prisoners?

Yes, the case of Hugh Mullin is worth referring to. He was in Chatham with us, and though at that time his mind was wrong he was kept in his cell and given only bread and water for thirteen days. In Downpatrick prison he was treated better, but he was put on work for which he was not fit, and his hand was severely injured. He was afterwards transferred to the Dundrum Lunatic Asylum. Then as to Christopher Dowling who is at present in Maryborough. In Downpatrick he was in the workshop with me, and through faulty tools he had his eye knocked out. On that account he petitioned the governor to take something off his sentence but his application was rejected. If he had refused to work with the bad tools he would have been punished. He is now ruined for life, and his wife is in very poor circumstances. I should say a word about Matthew Kinsella, who was sentenced in connection with the Tighe street case. That was an accident, and how it occurred was explained to the father of the boy Andrews who was killed, and he was asked if he would sign a memorial for Kinsella's release. He refused to do so on the ground that he would be dismissed from his position for doing so. Kinsella's wife gave the same explanation of the occurrence as Kinsella himself—that explanation is in the Castle, and yet nothing is being done in regard to the matter. There was another Kinsella in Downpatrick with us—John Kinsella, of Mallow. He was in bad health, and wrote to his father to tell him so. Mr. Bourke, the chairman of the Prison Board, afterwards told Kinsella that if he wrote again to his father that he was sick that he would be punished. Mr. Bourke, in fact, is acting as a regular Turkish Pasha in Downpatrick Prison, and it is believed he is really governor, while the chief warden, M'Manus, is acting as his deputy.

Did not something out of the common occur about a young fellow named Walsh from Letterfrack? Yes. Walsh is a brother of Patrick Walsh, who was hanged in 1882, and he himself was sentenced to be hanged for the supposed murder of Constable Kavanagh. No later than last week Walsh wrote to the Prison Board complaining of the work he was put to and of being deprived of exercise. He stated that he simply wrote asking for justice without saying anything wrong in the letter, but for that he had been sentenced to six months' solitary confinement. The lad I fear, will, under the treatment, go wrong in his mind. The night before I left he broke a hole in the wall, and I believe he is at present chained.

Has the chairman of the prisons board often visited you in Downpatrick? Yes; Mr. Bourke for the past couple of years has had charge more or less of Downpatrick prison, and he is proving himself a regular martinet. He has been very severe for the past couple of years. Whether or not that is due to the fact that Pat Delaney swore at the *Times* Commission that the Invincibles had intended attacking him I cannot say. Neither Edward McCaffrey nor myself knew anything of this. As far as we were concerned his name never was mentioned.

Did you hear that a statement was made at the Commission that you received letters containing checks from Mr. Patrick Egan? Yes, I heard that a man named Farragher swore that he had brought letters containing checks from Mr. Egan to Ogle. That statement was perfectly untrue, and all I knew of Farragher was that he was a loafer.

Is it true that offers were made to you and others on behalf of the *Times*? Yes it is; offers were made to us both at Millbank and Downpatrick. While at Millbank, I may say P. W. Nally, of Mayo, and myself, were treated very badly. We were kept twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four in our cells, and Mr. Matthews, the home secretary, did not tell the truth when he said that that was usual. I wrote to him on the subject. We had been in prison for six years, and were entitled to be put on public works, but instead of that we were kept in punishment to satisfy a London newspaper. While in Downpatrick Mr. Shannon called on us for the *Times*. Mr. Andrews was then governor, and for the few months he was there he did all he could. Mr. Shannon simply asked us would we make any statement about our connection with the Invincibles and with Mr. Egan and Mr. Sheridan, and other members of the Land League, but we—that is Nally, Edward McCaffrey, and myself—told him we refused to give him any information. Then when we were in Millbank another man, who said he was acting for Mr. Soames, saw Nally and myself, and offered us our liberty, promising at the same time to settle us for life in as good positions as we had had previously if we would do the needful for the *Times*. He said to us he believed we could be very useful to the *Times*. Both of us refused the offers, and I wrote to Mr. Matthews, the home secretary, telling him I had refused the offer, and asking that I should be removed back to an Irish prison. Nally at that time was suffering very severely as a consequence of his treatment. After that the same person, I understand, came to my wife and asked her would she go to Millbank and use her influence with me, but my wife said she was glad to hear the answer I had given, and that she would be ready to go to the street and beg rather than do what she was asked.

How many men are still in prison? Four. Edward McCaffrey, and three who are under life sentences, namely, Laurence Hanlon, Joseph Mullett, and James Fitzharris. Fitzharris is now a very old man, and he was recently sentenced to two days on bread and water for having said that Capt. Hill, the prison inspector, was not received with as much respect as formerly. All the men convicted in Dublin were married men except Joseph Mullett and Laurence Hanlon.

Mr. Pierce Mahony, M. P., has withdrawn from the National Liberal Club.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SEA GIVING UP ITS DEAD.

It was a woman's form.

"In the name of the devil, who are you?" he asked. His thoughts ran instantaneously to the cliff on the island.

"Is that you, Sir Trevor," cried a palpitating voice.

"It is, Moya," answered he, much reassured, but still much frightened and surprised. "What brings you here? What brings you out at this hour of the night? Where are you going? And why did you leave Grey Abbey?"

"I was coming to see you," she said breathlessly, in answer to his many queries.

"To see me? What do you want to see me for? What have you to say to me? Is there anything wrong?"

"Yes, everything."

"Everything—what?"

"I have seen him."

"Seen who?"

"Redmond Barrington"

"Redmond Barrington! You are dreaming, Moya, or you're mad, or have grown frightened? No living eyes will ever see him again."

"I'm neither mad nor dreaming," said the fortuneteller; "and I have seen him; and Eugene—the Frenchman—too, and another."

"Another? Stand a moment and think, Moya. Collect yourself. For Heaven's sake think over what you are saying. I have enough cause for trouble without your unnecessary fears increasing it. Stay and tell me. Who did you see, or what; and where?"

"I seen thim, I tell you—seen 'em wid my two lookin' eyes this night—not ten minutes ago."

"Where?" asked Sir Trevor, incredulously.

Curiously enough, in presence of the alarm her presence and her news created, his former fears seemed to him most foolish and childish. He would have faced all the terrors of the supernatural now and scoffed at them if he were certain that Moya was only dreaming or merely frightened.

"Where? On the shore. There's where I saw 'em."

"What were they doing? What brought you there?"

"What brought me there?" reiterated the old woman, pausing to take breath. "I couldn't sleep—I couldn't rest. I did what I often did in Dublin when I couldn't rest aither—I walked about on the shore. An' to know my way back, I took the lantern with me. There now it's for you: but I saw 'em!"

An imprecation rose to Mortimer's lips, but it died there. He could not afford to quarrel with her, even though his terrified wrath rose to hear of her wandering about in the night, courting danger and exposure as it were.

"Well, Moya," said he, more quietly and soothingly, "what did you see—whom did you see?"

"Thim I tould you."

"Where were they?"

"Coming in—in a boat."

"In a boat! Surely not Redmond—not Redmond, Moya?"

"Ay, as sure as ever I saw him in life. An' the Frenchman wid him. An' another—*her!*"

"Moya, I gave you credit for more sense than to perplex me thus with idle talk. There's no reason—there's no sense in that."

"Sense or no sense, there's the truth for you. I may not be sure about *her*, because I only saw the form lyin' in the boat—but somethin' tells me it is she. But I am sure about the others."

"You couldn't be mistaken, Moya? Eugene might by a miracle come ashore—he is on the warship guarding the coast here—but the others, never! No miracle could do that."

"I dunno whether a miracle could or not, but *he* is there, and, I make no doubt, *she*, too, sure enough. An' I was hurryin' as fast as my feet could carry me to warn you. Put as many miles as you can between yourself an' this place before the light comes, or ——"

"Assuming you are right, Moya," said Sir Trevor, a full consciousness breaking through his former unbelief that the old woman had some grounds for her statement, "I cannot leave before daybreak; I must await the mail. Helen Barrington comes to Dublin tomorrow to be my wife."

"Then if you don't hurry you'll never put a ring on her finger. The only ring will ever be put on is the ring of *shebeash* that goes around your own neck."

"Moya!" he said angrily, with a movement towards her as if he would strike her and so quench her malignant prophecy.

"Ay, that's what I say. If you're not out of this—she an' you—tomorrow, sorra ever you'll be master of Seamore, nor anything else except a grave in the prison yard. You need not try to frighten me, Sir Trevor—you've enough on your hands to ——"

"See, Moya," said he, not having, in his own impetuous thoughts, heard one word of what she was saying; "you have possibly seen Eugene; that is likely enough, for he is on the guardship watching the coast here—perdition seize the souls o the Frenchmen that they did not sink her in the fight!—and he has maybe escaped; but, as for the other, you are mistaken—quite mistaken, Moya. Here is what you have got to do. Watch them, whoever they are. See where they have gone to—where they are hiding. I shall send word—or go with word—to Wexford before dawn, and send the soldiers on their track. You be their guide when they come here. Do you hear, Moya?"

"I hear."

"Very well, then, Moya. That done, come back again to Dublin. I shall be no more troubled with them if you do your work aright. Here is gold, if you should need it."

He passed his purse to her, merely deducting so much as was necessary to defray his expenses to Dublin, and turned on his heel to the high road that led to Wexford.

The dawn was breaking when he reached the barracks there and saw the officer on duty. In a short time after he had caught the Wexford mail for Dublin, which started at daybreak or a little after, and, with a host of emotions—of evil emotions—torturing his breast, was on his way to the metropolis.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RACE BEGUN.

The fugitives were fortunate in finding sheltering place. Underneath the ruins the encroaching sea had wormed itself into the cliffs. In times long gone, the former inhabitants of the abbey had dug for themselves underground recesses—catacombs, as it were—never dreaming that place so secure could ever be disturbed. But the never ceasing wash of the sea had long ago found these out, and the storm beat and the waves lashed themselves with hollow moaning sound into the recesses thus laid bare.

Int one of these Redmond and Eugene, descending from the cliffs, made their way. Here they were perfectly secure. Not even one of the inhabitants around ever thought of making entry into these winding caverns, out of which the merciless sea at times washed ancient stone coffins and dead men's bones.

"Well, Eugene," said Redmond, as they rested themselves after their escape, and stopped to take breath, "we seem to be surrounded with dangers by the sea and by land. How could these soldiers have come so quickly?"

"Unless the Thunderer sent word to Wexford," replied Eugene, thoughtfully.

"A very likely matter enough; but how should they come so accurately on the place where we were staying?"

"An impossible question to answer—for the present. It is only of a part with all the other incomprehensible things that are surrounding us. The question is, what course now to pursue, assuming that we escape them"

They had sufficient food for conversation in the events already occurred to occupy the hours they spent in hiding. But the chief topic of discourse lay in the intimation conveyed by Norah of the approaching marriage of Helen and Sir Trevor Mortimer.

"See, Eugene," said Redmond finally, "the simple short and long of the matter is this: as soon as night sets in we must follow at once to Dublin—if Helen be gone there. My cousins at Inch, when they come to know of the circumstances, will take care of Alice; but we must at all hazards prevent the further machinations of this man taking effect."

"I agree with you. Time presses dreadfully on us, and it is simply maddening to be cooped up here, with such dreadful issues depending on a few hours. But listen—do you hear the noise?"

"It is the soldiers searching," said Redmond. "How clearly we can hear them above us! What a pity the power of defending ourselves even is not left to us. How thoughtless of me not to have brought a pair of cutlasses in the boat with me! It would have enabled us to sell our lives—should it come to that."

"There would not be much use in them, even if it did," said the Frenchman, carelessly. "It would be but a poor fight to fall in. I am not at any time much disposed to fly from danger; but I protest at this moment I would brook any stigma of cowardice and forfeit the brightest epaulettes in the French service to find myself unharmed and on the way to Dublin. It may or may not be bravery or gallantry, but I confess it is the feeling uppermost in me this moment."

"I wonder will Sir Trevor have any knowledge of our presence here?"

"He will have knowledge—clear and ample knowledge—of it the minute my eyes—if ever God gives me life and strength to do so—see the lamps of Dublin," said Eugene bitterly. 'But—hush! Redmond! Is there not someone darkening the entrance?" inquired he, after a long pause in which both remained silent, occupied with their thoughts.

"Some shadow has passed over it certainly. Yes, I see a form—two. There are two of them—they are soldiers!" whispered Redmond hurriedly.

"It seems to me they know pretty well what they are about," whispered Eugene back, "for they are coming straight in this direction. If they are soldiers they seem to ——"

"Why, I know them," said Redmond joyfully, as his eyes, straining through the gloom, recognized them. "That one to the right is Luke Mahon, and that other is George Howard."

In a few minutes they had come nearer and established their identity, to the great delight of the two fugitives.

When the first burst of welcome and rejoicing was over Redmond asked:

"How did you manage to come unobserved by the soldiers around?"

"We first dispatched them on a false message towards Wexford, by informing them that a pair of suspicious characters," said his cousin, "such as you, had been seen taking their way in that direction. But you are quite safe now You may come with us. My only regret is that Helen is not aware of the joyful news."

"Helen!" said Redmond, "is she not here?"

"No, she is gone."

"Gone—gone where?"

"Herself and Kate left in the carriage some hours ago for Seamore."

"Good heavens! And are they far on the road?"

"They must be more than quarter on their way by this time. They had two spirited, fresh horses under the carriage, that were pretty certain not to let the grass grow under their feet until they reached Arklow."

"Then, George, you must provide us with another pair without delay. I must follow at once. It is a matter of more than life or death."

"Life or death?" laughed his cousin. "Why it's nothing more or less than a wedding. Are you aware that Sir Trevor Mortimer and Helen are about to be married, and are proceeding to Dublin for that purpose?"

"I know—I know—I heard that," said Redmond, with intense impatience. "It is to prevent them that I must hasten at once to Dublin."

"To prevent them, Redmond? Surely you would not signalize the joyfulness of your return by interrupting or marring their happiness?"

"Happiness! You do not understand what you are speaking about, George He is married already, the scoundrel!"

"Married already! What are you thinking of? Sir Trevor Mortimer married?"

"It is not his fault that he is," said Redmond, "or that his wife is living I am sure no one regrets it more than he. But explanation must come afterwards. At present the one thing necessary is to provide us with means of reaching Dublin without delay. More pressing need traveller never had."

"You do not propose to travel tonight. The dusk will be falling soon"

"Tonight! This moment. If the road were as dark as Erebus we must go. An hour's delay would drive me mad."

Very well, Redmond. This is most extraordinary news—incredible! But I suppose you have good grounds for what you say. Come and have dinner, and as soon as you have refreshed yourselves I shall have a carriage ready for the road."

They left the hiding place, and ascended the cliffs on their way to Seamore.

"Are you not coming, Eugene?" asked Redmond, as the latter paused for a moment when they had reached the heights

"I shall come presently," said Eugene. "For the moment, I shall call to see how Alice is."

"How unthinking of me not to have anticipated you!" Redmond said with momentary self upbraiding. "So shall I. You must excuse me, Eugene, but my mind is quite astray with the number of things pressing on it."

"There are no excuses needed," replied his companion; and without further comment or remark they all deflected in the direction of Grey Abbey.

Alice was still in the same condition—living, but quite unconscious. Evidently some injury to the head—sustained how they were unable to tell—was the cause of her non recovery.

A hurried consultation took place between them, ending in this—that Redmond, of himself and by himself, should proceed straight to Dublin; that Eugene—as he wished and willed it—should remain with his sister; and that George Howard should direct his way to Wexford and seek the best surgical advice he could bet.

It was rather a sad and disconsolate council, save and except when Eugene's feelings burst into torrents of hate and vengeance against the man who had done him and his so much evil. In the which, Redmond, when he thought of Helen, was not much behind.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Mediae Noctis Consilium.

[LEANTA O'N T-SEACHT-MHAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

AN TREAS ROINN.

Is dealb an diachair dian-ghuirt d'Eire,
Ar chailleamair riamh le riaghail gan éifiocht
Fágbhaim fúghat-sa a chnó na céille,
Fáth mo chúise 's cúmhadh na d'éire,
Is mealltadh, mo fite, luighead mo dóthchais,
Is dall gan radhare me,—soillse m'éolus,
Aithris, ós cuímhin leat, caint na bh-fáige,
'S abstail an righ budh bhfogthach ráidhte,
Ca bh-fuil na cómhachta d'órdaigh an Dúilleadh,
'S calcadh na feóla a g-coróin nó g-cúmdach,
Pól, dar liom, ní dúbhairt le h-aon neach,
An pósadh dhiúltadh acht drúis do shéanadh,
Sgaradh lea'ghaodhal dá mhéid do ghnaoi,
'S ceangal go h-ég, 's claoidh'led' mhnaoi.

Is obair gan bhrigh do mhnaoi mar táimse,
Focail an dílgh-so shuígheamh ad láithair,
Is cuímhin leat féin a phéariadh t-saídhbhris,
Suígheamh gach ngéll is léir dhuit soillseach,
Binn-ghuth buan, 's buadh na m-briathradh,
'S caith an Uuin ná luadhfar bréagach,
Dia 'nar bh'áil leis máthair aonta,
'S riaghail na bh-fáige a bh-fághbhar béithe,
Guidhim go h-árd tu fhaig-bhean t-sighthe,
A shoilrach neamhdha,—a bhár na sighthe,
A shoflise! a ghlóire! a choróin na sluaighte!
Eist lem' ghlor-sa, fóir 's fuar me.
Meadhaig ad intinn dith na m-béithe,
'S práinn na mfite bhrighdeach mhaorga,
'S tolcibh mar táid tar bhrúghaid a chéile,
A borradh, 'sa fás, mar áimhach géana,
An t-sál is lúgha tá súbhal na sráide,
Gáriaig dhúbha tá gungach, grána,
Au aga dá luighead má gheibhid a sláinte,
Le glasara. meadhg, 's bleaghdar fásfaid,
Má mhairid le puinn do'n aois gan éifeacht,
Tiocfadh na cíochadh, sgeiniid, sgéithfid,
Sgalladh mo chéibh is baoth mo smaointe,
A tagairt air chéile a g-caorthaibh téiote,
Is deacair dam súil le súbhchas d'fhághail,
'Sgan fear anaghaidh an tríúir 'san Múmhain do mhnáibh
O thálaigh an ceanntar gann-so gá ihmbar.
Na mathaibh go fann 'san tam-so práinneach,
Fódla folamh, 's fothram ag faghaile,
Oga an phobuil ag cromadh 'sa ljathadh,
Aonta fada go dealbh gan foighneadh,
Daoine air talamh, 's fear éigin faghaimse,
Ceangail a d-tráth go tiath faoi 'n úghaim iad,
'S us san go bráth fagtar fúghainne iad.

[DEIRE AN TREAS ROINN.]

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BEIRNE—At Ballaghadereen, Jan. 4, Michael John, infant son of P. Beirne.

CASEY—At Trimgate street, Navan, Jan 5, Mrs Matthew Casey.

CASSIDY—At his residence, Lisnaskea, dounty Fermanagh, Jan. 4, the Rev. John Cassidy, P.P., aged 51.

COLE—At Clonough, Carbery, county Kildare, Anne Cole, aged 17.

CONNOLLY—At his residence, Drumcondra, Jan. 6, Thomas Connolly, blacksmith, aged 86

FINNIGAN—At Barrack street, Dundalk, Jan 6, Ann, the beloved wife of Mr. Thos Finnigan, baker.

FITZHENRY—At Gobbinstown House, county Wexford, Jan 1, Mary, relict of the late Bryan Fitzhenry, Esq.

MCNAMARA—At Barrowstrand street, Waterford, Jan. 3, Patrick McNamara, aged 57.

ROBERTS—At 146 Pembroke road, Dublin, Jan 4, broncho pneumonia, Mrs Jane Johnson Roberts, relict of the late W. S. Roberts, aged 64.

WILLIAMS—At Prospect Lodge, Waterford Jan 2, Wm Williams, aged 54.

CLARKE—Jan 7, at Bohola, Anne, wife of Patrick Clarke, postmaster.

PATCHELL—Jan 3, at No. 19 Vesey place Kingstown, Robert Gibson Patchell, late manager of the Provincial Bank of Ireland, Ld., Dublin, and son of the late John Patchell, Surgeon, R. N., Moneymore, aged 69 years.

CASEY—Jan. 3, at his residence, No. 86 South Circular road, Dublin, Prof. Casey, LL D, F.R.S., F.R.U.I., aged 70 years.

CONNOLLY—Jan. 3, at her residence No. 16 Ellis quay, Dublin, Anne, wife of Robert Connolly and daughter of the late John McDonald, Tigroney, county Wicklow.

IRWIN—Jan. 3 at No. 85 Upper Rathmines, Mrs. Harriet Irwin, aged 75 years, widow of the late William Irwin.

MURTHA—Jan 3, at her daughter's residence, No. 35 Denmark street, Dublin, Mrs Ellen Murtha.

NEYLAN—Jan. 4, at her residence, No. 24 Grattan parade, Drumcondra, Elizabeth Agnes, widow of John Neylan, late of Clontoohill House, county Clare.

BRADY—Jan. 5, at No. 79 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, Catherine, widow of the late Stephen Brady, formerly of Cavan.

BROPHY—Jan. 6, at his residence, Dublin road, Kilkenny, Thomas Brophy, aged 73 years.

CAREW—Jan. 5, Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Malachy Ryan, Survey General department, Sydney, at the residence of her husband, J. A. Carew, Tipperary, aged 21 years.

ELCOCK—Jan. 5, at Warrington, England, Octavia, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Elcock, of Dowth, Drogheda

HARRIS—Jan. 6, at his son's residence, No. 24 Mountjoy square, Dublin, William Wallace Harris, LL D., barrister at law.

MCDONNELL—Jan. 5, at Marloe's road, Kensington, W. London, James, eldest surviving son of the late Randall P. McDonnell, Esq, Cloona, county Mayo.

MACKEN—Jan. 7, at Clover Hill, Clondalkin, Mary A. Macken, relict of the late James Macken, of Palmerstown, county Dublin.

MEEGAN—Jan. 7, at Dublin street, Monaghan, Annie Elizabeth, wife of Joseph Meegan.

MCKEVITT—Jan. 7, at Marlmount, Haggardstown, Dundalk, Anna Maria, wife of Owen McKevitt, aged 78 years.

MORAN—Jan 6, at Tullamore, Patrick Moran, aged 28 years.

NOLAN—Jan. 4, at Nenagh, county Tipperary, Anthony Nolan, aged 86 years.

QUIGLEY—Jan. 7, at No. 2 Ormond terrace, Dalkey, Mary Anne, daughter of Sergt. Quigley, D. M. P., aged 2 years.

TIGHE—Jan. 6, at The Priory, Christchurch, Hants, England, Col. Frederick E B. Tighe, of Woodstock, county Kilkenny.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N Y.*

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. It's arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every house hold. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often side by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic description leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac, or The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty, is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

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INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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PATTISON SWORN IN.

Inauguration of the New Governor of Pennsylvania.

BIG TIME AT THE STATE CAPITAL.

Description of the Inaugural Ceremonies and the Parade—New York Republican Legislators Nominate Evarts for Senator and the Democrats Select Hill—Senator Cameron Confident of Re-Election—The Nominations in Indiana.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 20.—Inauguration day dawned dark and dreary. The sky was overcast and threatening and the atmosphere was raw and penetrating. Promptly at the hour set—11:30—the governor and governor-elect, the lieutenant governor and his successor, the secretary of internal affairs, the joint committee of the senate and house, heads of departments, invited guests, including justices of the supreme court, the officers of the National guard and their staff, met at the executive mansion and were escorted by the Governor's troop of mounted men, the governor's guard of honor, preceded by the Eighth Regiment National guard, to the capital. The first carriage contained the governor and governor-elect with Justice Silas M. Clark of the supreme court, and Senator Henry D. Green, chairman of the inaugural committee. The other officials and guests followed in carriages.

The Inaugural Ceremonies.

Arrived at the capitol the inaugural ceremonies were held on the west portico of the main building, where a platform extending forward from the steps had been erected. After music by the Ringgold band, Rev. S. C. Swallow, D. D., of the Methodist church, delivered a prayer. The certificate of election was read by Chief Clerk Smiley, of the senate, when the governor elect with bared head received the oath of office, administered by Justice Clark, and passed from the status of a governor-elect to that of governor in fact. This was followed by a governor's salute at the arsenal and music by the band, when Governor Pattison stepped to the front of the platform and began his inaugural address.

The Oath Administered.

At the conclusion of the address, the governor and his company repaired to the senate chamber where the oath of office was administered to the lieutenant governor-elect and the secretary of internal affairs. Promptly upon the sounding of the signal guns, the inaugural parade moved under command of Chief Marshal Awl and a large staff of aides. The parade contained five divisions, the military consisting of the Governor's troop and the Eighth regiment; civil associations and political clubs, divided into three divisions, and the firemen. The parade was reviewed by the governor and staff from a stand at the steps leading from the grounds down to the level of State street. The parade over, the governor was escorted to the executive mansion.

HILL AND EVARTS.

They Are Nominated by Their Respective Adherents for Senator.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 20.—The Democratic joint caucus to nominate a United States senator was called to order in the assembly chamber shortly after 5 o'clock Monday afternoon. All of the Democratic state officials and others were present. Nominations being in order, Speaker Sheehan said: "The Democratic party today proposes to signalize the great victory of November last by nominating for senator in congress a leader of genius and courage, a statesman of breadth and capacity, a man who more than any other contributed to Democratic supremacy. When victory seemed impossible, when defeat stared us in the face, there was one voice above all others that penetrated the heart of the American people, one who stood in the front of the battle, heedless of personal or political consequences, encouraging with his presence and convincing with his eloquent tongue the electorate of our land. It is only by rewarding men who battle for Democratic principles in darkness as well as in sunshine, that our party deserves to succeed." After other speeches, Mr. Sheehan moved Governor Hill's nomination by acclamation, which was carried and the caucus adjourned.

Republicans Renominate Evarts.

The Republican caucus was called to order in the senate chamber at 3 o'clock by Senator Vedder, who said that since, by a mysterious turn in Providence, a change had been made, not unprecedented, but one from which the American people had risen, and from which the Republican party would rise now. Senator Fasset in placing the name of Senator William M. Evarts from the caucus, said: "At all times Senator Evarts has been loyal and devoted to the best traditions of the Republican party. Scandal had never stained the ermine of his reputation, and his strength was never drawn from questionable sources. Senator Evarts was unanimously renominated.

Balloting in Both Houses.

At 12 o'clock Tuesday the house balloted for United States senator to succeed Hon. W. M. Evarts. Upon call of the house David B. Hill received 65 and W. H. Evarts 58 votes. There were five absentees: Mr. Acker (Rep.), Messrs. Clark of New York, Demarest of Rockland, Kennedy of Canandaigua, and Stein of New York, Democrats. All will be present Wednesday, so their friends assert. Speaker Sheehan declared David B. Hill as the nominee of the assembly.

The vote in the senate stood: David B. Hill 13, William M. Evarts 19, all the senators being present.

IS THAYER INSANE?

Many People Beginning to Think the Ex-Governor's Mind Is Unbalanced.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 20.—The governor question has taken a new turn again, as ex-Governor Thayer caused notice to be served on Governor Boyd of his intention to apply to the supreme court on Jan. 29 for an injunction restraining him from exercising or attempting to exercise the functions of the office of governor and further restraining Boyd from meddling or interferring with him (Thayer) in the quiet and undisputed title to the office of governor of Nebraska until after the several suits and contests over the office have been disposed of. This action of Thayer's gives color to and causes many people to credit the theory of his insanity advanced Monday. The reports sent out were grossly exaggerated, but many are beginning to think that the ex-governor's mind is unbalanced.

For Senator from Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 20.—The Democratic members of the legislature Monday night in caucus nominated Senator Daniel W. Voorhees by acclamation to succeed himself. The Republicans nominated Governor Alvin P. Hovey, and passed a resolution endorsing the administration of President Harrison. Governor Hovey's strongest competitor was Charles W. Fairbanks of this city. As the legislature is overwhelmingly Democratic, the governor's nomination is purely complimentary

McGrath Exonerated.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 20.—The executive committee of the Farmers' Alliance which has been investigating the connection of President McGrath with the noted Turner letter made its report Monday night, immediately after the adjournment of the Farmers' Alliance caucus on the state printer question. The report contained all the signatures of the committee, and completely exonerates Mr. McGrath from any improper connection with the letter

Gov. Bulkely Issues a Warning.

HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 20.—Governor Bulkely issued a proclamation Monday warning the Democratic state candidates from attempting to take offices for which they have not been duly qualified, and commanding all citizens to refuse to recognize their authority. He also declares that he will defend the present officers in the discharge of their duties by all the legal means in his power until their successors are duly qualified.

Confident of Re-Election.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 20.—Senator Cameron's friends express themselves as confident that he will be re-elected. The Republicans have majorities in both houses. A meeting of members favorable to the election of Representative Taggart, who bolted the Republican caucus and announced himself as a candidate, was held Monday night. Senator Cameron has arrived here and expressed himself as confident of re-election.

First Ballot at Springfield, Ills.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 20.—The senate vote on the first ballot for United States senator is as follows: Oglesby 27, Palmer 24. The senate then adjourned. The vote in the house resulted: Palmer 77, Oglesby 73, Streeter, (Alliance) 3.

HOW IS THIS, NEW YORK!

Confederate Veterans Prepare to Build Grant's Monument.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—The first annual dinner of the Confederate Veteran camp of New York was held Monday night at the New York hotel. Charles Marshall, a member of Gen. Lee's staff, made the speech of the evening. In responding to the toast "In Memory of Gen. Lee," he touched upon the final surrender of Lee to Gen. Grant, and in concluding said: "There is nothing in the history of the whole war more magnanimous than the conduct of Gen. Grant at the final surrender of the Confederate arms. Whenever I think of Gen. Lee, I think of his great opponent, Gen. U. S. Grant."

A Toast Drank in Silence.

These words were received with cheer after cheer and shouts of "Let us build his monument."

Mr. Thomas A. Young sprang to a table and said that he wished to pledge the energy of every member of the veteran camp to complete the monument of Gen Grant. His sentiment was loudly applauded. The entire body then rose and in silence drank to the memory of this great general of the north. Miss Winnie Davis, who graced the banquet with her presence, was enthusiastically received on entering the banquet hall. She was escorted to the seat of honor and was the object of much attention from the veterans present.

Wrecked and Robbed the Train.

BROWNSVILLE, Tex., Jan. 20.—At noon Monday the train on the Rio Grande railroad between here and Point Isabel was wrecked and robbed by fifteen masked men. They placed obstructions on the track, derailed the train, held up the passengers and got away with about $20,000 in Mexican money, which was en route for shipment at Brazos by the steamboat Morgan to New Orleans. The ship's mail was also taken, and passengers robbed of money and valuables A brakeman was badly injured in the wreck. The sheriff and a posse are out scouring the country for trace of the robbers, who are doubtless safe in Mexico now.

Excitement in the House.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 20.—The house has just gone through a stormy scene. Mills of Texas charged the speaker with intentionally practicing a fraud upon the house (in refusing to recognize him to debate the approval of the journal) and has intimated that McKinley was not a man of honor. These sentiments, with denunciations and hisses from the Republicans, and for a time the house was in an uproar. Throughout the scene the speaker was calm, but the services of the sergeant at arms had to be called for to quell the tumult, which at one time threatened to culminate in personal violence.

Bank Failure at Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 20.—Monday was one of the most exciting days financially in the history of Kansas City. The American National bank, at Eighth and Delaware streets, failed for $2,500,000, although its nominal assets are in excess of that sum. The bank is capitalized for $1,200,000. The two branches of the bank—one at the Stock Yards exchange and the other on Union avenue—were likewise both closed, and quite an anxious crowd of depositors were standing around the doors. At neither of them could any information be obtain.

Tired of the Trades Unions.

LONDON, Jan. 20.—Haldenstein & Sons, of Norwich, are preparing to remove their boot and shoe manufacturing business to Switzerland to escape, they claim, the tyranny of English trades unions. They say they pay union wages, but wish to employ whom they please.

Struck Against a Cut in Wages.

FINDLAY, O., Jan. 20.—About 100 men and women employed in Bell Bros. pottery went out on strike Monday on account of a cut in schedule of wages. They have requested the Western Potters' Brotherhood to keep all other potters away from this city.

Death of King Kalakua.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 20.—King Kalakua died at the Palace hotel at 9:55 o'clock Tuesday morning of Bright's disease of the kidneys.

DISASTER AND DEATH.

A Costly Conflagration at the Quaker City.

CARPET MILLS DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The Loss Estimated Between $500,000 and $1,000,000—The Main Portion of the Palmer Mills at Three Rivers, Mass., Destroyed by Fire and Two Lives Lost—A Pennsylvania Girl Dies from a Snake Bite—Other Mishaps.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 17.—The destruction of the main building of the carpet mills of John & James Dobson, of the Falls of Schuylkill, Friday night, resulted in a loss of between $500,000 and $1,000,000, and the throwing out of work of nearly 5,000 hands. Included in the loss is the finest lot of machinery procurable in this or other countries, and it is feared that it will be impossible to duplicate most of it. It is thought that spontaneous combustion started the fire. Watchman Mason first discovered a trifling fire in the dry house on the third floor, over the engine rooms. With several buckets of water he quelled the flames for the time being. A few minutes after the flames shot out with renewed vigor and communicated with lightning-like rapidity to other parts of the building, and thence to the big main building which was soon a mass of flames.

Explosion of Chemicals.

The main building was a modern stone structure six stories high, with basement. It was 300 feet in length, topped by a mansard roof, and 100 feet wide. It was built in 1872. The weaving shed was erected in 1875 and contained a large number of Jacquard and other looms. At 11:30 o'clock the firemen had every hope of subduing the flames when a large quantity of acids and other material of an inflammable nature in the dye house exploded. The only persons reported as having been injured during the fire were James Dorsey and John Marley, two employes. They were slightly hurt by falling from a ladder while aiding the firemen.

KEPT SNAKES IN THE HOUSE.

And a Pennsylvania Doctor Thereby Loses His Daughter.

FREEDOM, Pa., Jan. 17.—A terrible calamity befell Dr. J. B. Wilkins and his daughter Kate at this place. Late in the fall a tramp captured two large snakes. The doctor purchased the reptiles, intending to send them to the zoological gardens at Philadelphia. The snakes were placed in a large glass jar, the top being secured by a covering of wire gauze. The jar was then placed on an elevated bracket in a corner of the doctor's office Friday evening the doctor and his daughter returned from a visit to the country and entered the office.

The Girl Fatally Bitten.

A large owl flew in over the transom of the door, dislodged the jar from the bracket, and the snakes escaped. One of them immediately caught the girl by the leg, between the ankle and the knee, and she fainted. The calls of her father brought assistance, and a farmer caught the serpent by the neck and choked its life out. Miss Wilkins was carried immediately to her room, where every known antidote for poison was administered by her frantic father, but without avail, as at 7 o'clock Saturday morning she died. The corpse of the young lady was swollen to an enormous size and spotted much like the reptiles, which are said to have been copperheads and were about five feet long.

PERISHED IN THE FLAMES.

Two Lives Lost in a Fire at Three Rivers, Mass.—Pecuniary Loss, £20,000.

PALMER, Mass., Jan. 17.—The main portion of the Palmer mills at Three Rivers was destroyed by fire Saturday morning. Two employes, Elijah Traine and Joseph Babcock, were crushed to death beneath a pile of falling bricks. The loss on the building is about $20,000, insurance $10,000.

The fire was discovered about 7:30 and the fire department of the mill soon had six streams on the flames, but the dry cotton burned fiercely and, aided by the chemicals, made a fire upon which water had but little effect. The fire, however, was confined to dry house.

Probable Cause of the Fire.

The men who lost their lives were in the loft before the fire throwing down dry cotton through a scuttle to the floor below, and probably some of it toppled over and falling caught fire from a gas jet at the side of the building. The first seen of the fire by the workmen below was the flash as it ran along the pile of dry cotton below. The men are searching for the bodies in the ruins, which are covered with piles of brick and machinery. The mill has a large quantity of finished stock on hand and its operation will not be interfered with.

Chicago Firemen Hurt.

CHICAGO, Jan. 17.—Three firemen were badly injured and a hook and ladder truck was completely demolished in South Chicago early Saturday morning by being run into by a portion of a freight train on the Lake Shore road. Lieut. Wright was thrown fifty feet and sustained injuries which may cause his death. Robert Drew, the steerer, and Driver Fierstine were less seriously injured. The accident was the result of a "flying" switch, which is a violation of the city ordinance and the rules of the railroad company. Chief Swenie proposes to have the switchmen arrested and the company heavily fined.

A Woman Killed by a Train.

CHICAGO, Jan. 17.—Mrs. Adelaide Johns, who lives with her daughter at River Forest, was killed on the Chicago and Northwestern railway at 10 o'clock Friday morning. She was crossing the tracks when the Freeport express plunged round the curve, struck the woman and hurled her 200 feet in the air. Her body was taken to Senne's morgue at Oak Park.

Fire at Pittsburg.

PITTBURG, Jan. 17.—The ware house of Fleming & Hamilton, 61 Third avenue, was badly damaged by fire early Saturday morning. The firm manufactures japanned tinware, and aside from a large amount of finished stock, a quantity of oils and varnishes was destroyed. Loss $40,000, insurance $25,000.

Indian Agents Denounced.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Jan. 16.—Lieut. Wilson, of the Second artillery, has written a letter to his father, State Senator Wilson, in which he denounces in the severest terms the government Indian agents. "These agents," he writes, "are a set of scoundrels, and the Indian bureau is rotten from top to bottom."

A NOTED MAN GONE.

George Bancroft Dies After an Illness of Two Days.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 19.—George Bancroft, the venerable historian, died at his home in this city at 3:40 Saturday afternoon. He had been sick only two days, and was on the streets but three days ago. On Thursday he took to his bed as a matter of precaution, but was taken seriously

GEORGE BANCROFT.

ill Friday. From that time until Saturday afternoon he failed rapidly and all day hovered between life and death. At 3 p. m. the doctor left thinking that Mr. Bancroft would live through the night, but before the hour was up Mr. Bancroft was dead. His end was quiet and peaceful and the first cause of death was simply the weakness of old age. His son was present at the bedside when the aged historian died.

END OF THE INDIAN WAR.

The Hostiles All Break Camp and Go into the Agency.

PINE RIDGE, S. D., Jan. 15.—The hostiles all broke camp early Thursday morning and came into the agency and took the positions designated by Gen. Miles for them. There was no demonstration; everything went along smooth. They are all peaceful but hungry. This will end the trouble.

Want to Treat for Terms of Peace.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 15.—A dispatch was received at the war department from Gen. Miles, asking permission to come to Washington with a delegation of hostile chiefs, who want to treat for terms of peace. The request will probably be granted.

LATER.—After consulting with Secretary Noble Secretary Proctor telegraphed Gen. Miles, giving the desired information.

FARWELL DEFEATED.

Illinois Republican Caucus Nominates Richard J. Oglesby.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 16.—Richard J. Oglesby is for the second time in his life the candidate of the Republican party of Illinois for a seat in the senate of the United States. His nomination was made on the first regular ballot of the senatorial caucus held here Thursday night. He received more votes than were necessary to make him the choice of the party, and on motion of Senator Charles H. Crawford his nomination was made unanimous. The result was not unexpected—in fact, little or no surprise was expressed at the result. Senator Farwell was opposed by the farmers because he was a millionaire, and the farmers were mainly instrumental in defeating him.

The Scottish Railway Strike.

GLASGOW, Jan. 17.—The Caledonian Railway company has reinstated a large number of men who had been on strike. In all other respects the situation remains unchanged. Mr. Thomas Buchanan, M. P., at a public meeting held in Edinburgh offered a motion which was seconded by Professor Blackie, and carried unanimously, that all parties should exert themselves to bring the deplorable struggle to an end. Principal Rainey advocated the adoption of a ten-hour labor day. The Earl of Aberdeen, Principal Rainey and the Lord Provost were appointed a committee of mediation.

Ex-Governor Thayer Surrenders.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 15.—The board of public lands and buildings have passed resolutions declaring the apartments now held by John M. Thayer, set apart as the exclusive apartments of the chief executive of the state of Nebraska. They recognize Governor Boyd as such executive, and think that the said John M. Thayer would show the part of wisdom by vacating the same at his earliest convenience.

Thayer Thursday morning surrendered possession of the executive apartments, but under protest, and Governor Boyd took possession of the rooms.

Death of an Old Type-Founder.

CHICAGO, Jan. 19.—Word has been received of the death at Los Angeles, Cal., of A. P. Luse, the millionaire typefounder. A. P. Luse was one of the best known and most popular men in his line of business in the United States. For the past twenty-two years he had been a resident of Chicago, and since his arrival here had been one of the firm of Marder, Luse & Co., 141 Monroe street, of which he was vice president.

Parnell Will Visit Us.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—The Press says: Parnell will visit America in the early spring. A meeting was held Sunday night at the home of one of the most influential Irishmen, and it was resolved that Parnell should be publicly indorsed by the Irish of this city in public meeting within a week should the Boulogne conference be postponed further than Tuesday night.

Found His Body Frozen Stiff.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 19.—A special to The Republic from Vandalia, Ills., says: The dead body of John G. Howell, who resided near Hellsburg, Ills., was found by the roadside near his residence Friday morning frozen to death. When last seen alive he was drunk.

Wages To Be Reduced.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 19.—An order has been issued to the employes of the Cambria Iron company stating that Feb. 1 their wages will be reduced 10 per cent. This reduction includes 5,000 men from iron workers to miners in the employ of the company.

Two Men Killed.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Jan. 19.—Two men, Lawrence Kisk and an unknown companion, were struck by a train at the stone bridge Sunday and killed. A freight train prevented their hearing the approaching train.

THEY PROVE EVERYTHING.

[SCENE IN EDITOR'S SANCTUM.]

Enter Subscriber—"I suppose you are ready to substantiate any statement your paper makes?"

Editor—"Oh, yes; we have the compositors 'prove' everything that is 'set up.'"

Sub.—Well, then, can you prove that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure Catarrh in the Head—you advertise it to do so?"

Ed.—Certainly, my dear sir. Tens of thousands have proved that. Why, the proprietors offer $500 for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head, and they are responsible and able to pay if they fail."

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive, smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in Consumption and end in the grave.

On the move

—Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, after Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have done their work. It's a healthy movement, too—a *natural* one. The organs are not forced into activity one day, to sink back into a worse state the next. They're cleansed and regulated—mildly and quietly, without wrenching or griping. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet is all that's needed as a gentle laxative; three to four act as a cathartic. They're the smallest, cheapest, the easiest to take. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

Ages of Early American Statesmen.

No fallacy is more firmly fixed in the public mind than that which represents the establishment of our government as the work of old men. The delusion is imbibed in childhood, and is unconsciously cultivated by the text books used in school. The "fathers of the republic" are depicted in all the histories with wigs, queues and other accessories of dress that apparently betoken age, and the pupil naturally concludes that they must have been old when the nation was born.

In point of fact they were an uncommonly young set of men. George Washington, senior in age as well as in authority and influence, was but 43 when the Revolution broke out, and 57 when he became first president; Thomas Jefferson only 33 when he wrote the Declaration of Independence; Alexander Hamilton but 32 when he became secretary of the treasury; James Madison only 23 when he was made member of a Virginia committee of safety, and 36 when he was Hamilton's great collaborator in the production of that political classic, The Federalist.

Nor were the leaders in the great enterprise exceptional in this matter of age. Forty names were signed to the constitution of the United States on the 17th of September, 1787. Leaving out of account four whose birthdays are not given by the books of reference, only five of the remaining thirty-six had reached the age of 60; twenty of the number were less than 45 years old, and twelve were under 40, among the latter being one (Hamilton) of 30, another of 29, a third of 28, and a fourth who lacked some months of 27 when the convention met. The average age of all the members did not quite reach 45 years. The most important committee to which the instrument was referred for final revision consisted of five members, four of whom were between 30 and 36 years of age, the fifth and least prominent being 60.—Century.

The Baths of London.

There are as many great baths in London as there are theatres in New York city. They are Turkish, Roman, vapor, electric, swimming, medicated, hot, cold, tepid and salt. The most interesting are the great public baths. Nearly every district of London has one, and often there are public wash houses in connection with them. Some of the older of these baths are dark and more or less gloomy, but the newer ones are very inviting. Take the Battersea public bath as an example. Its first class tank is 100 feet long by 35 feet wide, with a depth of 6 feet at one end and 3½ feet at the other. It is lined with white glazed bricks, roofed with wood and iron and ventilating skylights, and has fifty locked dressing boxes. In the same building there is a second class bath, 75 feet by 25 feet in size. At certain times women use both baths. The water is heated when it is desirable. These baths are distinctly popular. The first class price varies from a shilling to fourpence, and the second class from sixpence to twopence, the cheaper baths being those in the more thickly populated parts of the city. The wash houses connected with many of the baths seem to be of very great public benefit.—Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly.

Gen. Butler's Hat.

In the United States district court in the Federal building no lawyer is better known than Gen. Butler. The court officers hear of his appearance with much the same feeling that they receive the announcement of the arrival of the judge.

As soon as his ponderous figure, swaying from side to side, appears bearing down toward the court room they scurry about arranging the chair at the counsel's table and assist him in removing his outer garments in a manner that shows their regard for him. Gen. Butler's hat is a curious article. It is just like one that Buffalo Bill would be accused of wearing out on the plains. It is probably the most abused of the general's belongings. The manner in which he jerks it off his head, slaps it down on the counsel's table and drops his heavy stick upon it determinedly, makes one wonder why it does not disappear suddenly some day out of spite. It has stuck by him though for years, just like his faculties of mind, and perhaps will be buried with him.—Boston Advertiser.

Enervating Influence of Dress.

Herodotus tells us that when Cyrus had received intelligence that the Lydians had revolted against him he was in despair, and indeed had almost determined to make them slaves, when Crœsus put a flea in the august ear of the Persian monarch. "Command them to lay aside their arms," said he, "and to wear long vests and buskins. Let them vie with each other in their make-up. Make dudes out of them, and it won't be long before they will be as tractable as women." Crœsus, as the result proved, had a long head.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Beans.

The use of beans in ancient times was rather more sacred than culinary. Among the Egyptians it was held to be a crime to look at them. Pythagoras forbade them to be eaten. In Athens a judicial as well as a sacred character is attached to them. They are used as ballots in all affairs in which a vote is taken, especially in electing magistrates and in casting lots. In England they were unknown until 1509.—St. Louis Republic.

Thirteen Years' Work with a Penknife.

Nicholas Levisler has erected in his parlor a wooden model of a large country residence which he made with a penknife. The building measures four feet by two, is two stories high, with a French roof and observatory, and has bow windows and porches. A flight of stairs connects the first and second floors, both of which are neatly carpeted, and the walls are covered with paper. The parlor and bedrooms are filled with furniture, and have chandeliers hung from the ceilings.

The model contains nearly "all modern conveniences." It stands in a garden that occupies almost all the parlor floor. On the grounds are gravel walks, with settees, a pump and trough, an airy little structure for courting couples, and a strong watchdog. Mr. Levisler, who is a laborer, has been at work on the model for thirteen years, doing small parts at night when he returned from his day's occupation.—Baltimore Sun.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 24, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Mr. E. H. Sothern.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Rudolph Aronson's Comic Opera Co.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Hanlon Bros. in "Superb."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Hands Across the Sea."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"My Jack."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"The Paymaster."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets.—Cleveland's Minstrels.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—The Nelsons' Great Vaudeville Show.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"M.C.," Cleveland, O.—It is simply impossible for this office to take care of rejected manuscripts. There is no intention to treat anybody with discourtesy, but the editor has a right to exclude from THE CITIZEN any matter that is not suitable to its pages.

MANY POETS AND POETRESSES—We have a whole deskful of rejected poems in this office. Some are too long; others limp badly, and several are destitute of the necessary originality and inspiration. Some show traces of talent, but they are very few. The writers would be greatly offended if THE CITIZEN were to answer them by name, or even initials, so this must suffice for all. Rhyming is not poetry, any more than the tinkling of sheep bells is music.

"INDIGNANT CELT," Philadelphia, Pa—Keep never minding. The vicious human cur you allude to is only seeking for further notoriety.

"J.D.K.," N.S.—THE CITIZEN has not been abusing anybody "on the other side." You are too thin skinned. THE CITIZEN, in Irish politics, has only one "side" and that is the Irish side.

ABOUT "SETTLING BETS"—THE CITIZEN cannot undertake such a task. It is not a "sporting" paper. Besides, "settling bets" generally begets ill feeling on the side of the losing party.

"CELT," New York—THE CITIZEN publishes Gaelic as a matter of accommodation to those who love to study it. We regret to observe that Christian charity is not a leading virtue of many Gaelic scholars, in your city and elsewhere. If Gaelic is to be made a subject of bitter quarreling, it were better left alone altogether.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

GET READY FOR WARLIKE EMERGENCIES.

In the view of the strong probability of war with England over the Behring Sea seal fishery controversy, THE CITIZEN thinks it would be well for all Irish-American military organizations, whether regiments, battalions, or companies, to fill up to their maximum strength, and be ready to offer their services to the United States government when hostilities begin. If war should come, and it seems very likely to occur, America will be gratified to know that there are thousands of well drilled Irish-Americans, in this city and elsewhere throughout the Union, ready and willing to rush to her defense. Of course, they will not be her only defenders. Native Americans, and adopted citizens of divers "previous nationalities," will range themselves in myriads on her side, but, in a war with England, the Irish American element cannot afford to be even second in patriot devotion to their adopted country. They must "rally 'round the flag" of the United States, as their forefathers rallied around the flag of France at Landen, Lafieldt and Fontenoy.

Some of our American editors say it would hardly be worth while to get into a quarrel "over a few seals." They forget that the average American woman, of any race, whether rich or merely comfortably off, never feels happy unless her handsome form is wrapped in the soft folds of a sealskin "coat." The American woman virtually rules this republic. She is "dead struck" on sealskin garments, and if John Bull and John Bull's poor relations in Canada, insist on robbing her of this dearly prized wrap, her rights must be defended and her taste gratified at no matter what sacrifice in the way of men, money and material. The American woman, on the seal fishery question, is a "Jingo," and, as THE CITIZEN is a gallant medium of public opinion, it is a "Jingo," too. It believes in the old flag, sealskin "coats" and the ladies.

But, apart from the merely material value of the seals that are yearly "poached" from us by those highwaymen of the seas, the British, there is a great moral question—a national principle in fact—involved. If England succeeds in appropriating our fisheries, what is to hinder her from appropriating more costly things that belong to us? If she gains her point on the seal poaching business by bullying and bluffing us, is she likely to stop there? We trow not. Her greedy eyes will be fixed immediately on our great undefended seaboard cities, where billions of wealth lie, so to speak, at the mercy of her mighty men of war. "My God!" said old Marshal Blucher to the Duke of Wellington, when he visited London after the battle of Waterloo, "what a noble city to plunder!" So also have we, in our present semi-defenseless state, noble cities to plunder. England has her ironclads and exhaustless magazines at Halifax, in the West Indies, and on the coast of Vancouver's island. She is, virtually, at our doors, "with loaded pistols at our heads," as some of the New York papers have expressed it. Let one shot be "fired in anger" in Behring Sea next spring, and, before a week, English bombshells will be exploding on Beacon street, Murray Hill and in the streets of San Francisco A few daring spirits, like Captain Paul Boyton, might use torpedoes on some of the foreign monsters of the deep, but such efforts would count for nothing in the matter of effective national defense.

The American government should push the matter of completing the coast defenses without further delay, and, at least, a dozen first class men of war should be added to our navy within a reasonable time. We have "got the men," we have "got the money," but we have not got the coast batteries, or the ships, in sufficient proportion. No government of this country, since the days when James Madison was president, has been confronted with so serious a foreign problem as that of Benjamin Harrison. It is no joke to have the biggest naval power in the world actually insulting and robbing us in our own seas. The English ruling and commercial classes are jealous of us, and always have been. They cannot destroy but they could injure and humiliate us wofully if they should, in the moment of strife, find us with our armor unbuckled, or, what is far more likely, without any armor at all.

THE CITIZEN is not an alarmist, but it cannot close its eyes to the formidible fact that our government and that of England are engaged in a very serious international controversy. Our government, through its president and secretary of state, has taken a position on the question from which it can hardly recede without loss to American prestige, which ought to be maintained at all hazards. It is, therefore, the duty of Irish Americans, and of all other classes of Americans, to be prepared for any emergency that may arise. To be forewarned, is, as usual, to be forearmed.

BALFOUR'S BAREFACED BEGGING.

The Earl of Zetland, the Queen of England's lord lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. A. J. Balfour, the lord lieutenant's secretary, have issued an appeal to the charitable to save the Irish people, who have been robbed by said Zetland, Balfour, and the Queen of England, from starvation. It is, perhaps, the greatest exemplification of English "gall" on record, and fills one with unmixed admiration for the blushless impudence of the gifted authors of the degrading screed. It is, in a measure, a piece of retributive justice to behold Zetland and Balfour passing around the hat for the people they are paid to rob in the interests of England. Red tape stands in the way of an imperial appropriation for the starving, and therefore Zetland, Balfour & Co. find it necessary to become vicarious beggars in behalf of their victims. No government on the face of the earth, except the English, would make such a spectacle if itself before God and mankind. The begging document is quite lengthy, and we quote the following "elegant extracts" from the appeal, as it was published in the columns of the London *Times:*

SIR: We have received during the last few weeks numerous letters asking for our opinion as to the necessity for affording charitable relief to the poor in the West of Ireland, and our advice as to the best method of administering it. Since these questions are of great importance and involve considerations not perhaps present to the minds of all those who are prepared to take a practical interest in them, perhaps you will give us space to make one or two observations which may prove useful both to our correspondents and to others. We premise by saying that without doubt money can be usefully spent among the poor on the western seaboard. Wherever there is poverty there must surely be a legitimate field for charitable effort, and in some of these districts poverty, chronic in ordinary years, will, if gunaided, reach the stage of acute distress during the present winter and spring, where neither a resident gentry, nor a substantial middle class exists to give employment, nor are there either charitable organizations or wealthy individuals to aid those who are unable from age or illness to aid themselves. Outdoor relief, except of course in cases of emergency, cannot legally be administered to persons holding more than a quarter acre of land, and though no one acquainted, even superficially, with the history of the Irish poor law would regard any general relaxation of this rule as other than a public calamity, yet its maintenance undoubtedly limits its capacity to deal unaided with periods of exceptional distress. Here, then, is a state of things which may well appeal to the charitable. Here is poverty, here is helplessness, here in a word is a social organism, sickly at all times, stricken now with a disease from which, without extraneous help, it has no power to rally. Of the historic causes which have led to this state of things, of the methods by which it is to be terminated, this is not the place to speak.

We are concerned now only with the immediate crisis, and on this we have perhaps said enough to show that in our opinion the real question is not whether money should be given, but how it should be given, in which districts, to what class, for what special purposes, and through what machinery. In determining these points, several considerations must be kept in view. The first, the most general, and the most important is that, while charity ill administered is injurious to the recipients everywhere, it is perhaps especially injurious in those parts of the country with which we are here here chiefly concerned. Elsewhere the injury is, as a rule confined to a class relatively small. But in the worst portions of the congested districts the whole community may be affected. All are poor, all can make without much trouble a plausible appeal for aid, and help recklessly given in response to such an appeal may infect whole townships with the vices and weaknesses of professional mendicancy. We have spoken on this matter to very many priests and other persons well acquainted with the condition of the people during the last ten years. There was not one of them, however keenly he may have felt for the sufferings of those among whom he lived, or however little he may have been able to suggest any other remedy, who did not admit the paramount ill effects which have followed from much of the charitable expenditure that had taken place within their experience, and who did not deprecate its repetition.

It is, of course, to be expected of Zetland, Balfour & Co. that they should avoid reference to "the historic causes which have led to this state of things," but every Irishman not positively a fool or a knave knows all about the "historic causes." The first, and greatest "cause" is the English connection. The second is the English "law" made to govern Ireland in the interests of England; the third is the manner in which that "law" is administered for the benefit of the landlords and other social robbers of the people; the fourth is the disgusting patience with which the Irish people of the impoverished districts endure their wrongs; the fifth is the public demoralization resulting from a condition of chronic pauperism. The English connection, however, is the great and original cause and curse, and all the other causes and curses will remain while it remains.

When the Mississippi overflows its banks, or when some other great national calamity occurs, the American government does not stand on a question of red tape in the matter of relieving the sufferings of the people. The German, French, Austrian and Italian governments always respond to the appeals of their people for aid. They would feel disgraced if they were to issue begging appeals of the character issued by Zetland and Balfour, the representatives of the richest government in the world, on behalf of unfortunate and humiliated Ireland. But the subject makes us sick. Therefore, we will close right here.

TRUTH FROM A SAXON.

All English editors are not in the dark as to the real status of Mr. Gladstone's new "Home Rule" measure. The London *Daily Chronicle*, of Jan. 8, says: "Mr. Gladstone's new Home Rule bill would give Ireland a parliament with extremely limited power, and he is therefore bound to permit her to retain some means of defending her popular rights in the imperial senate. But the Irish would be very foolish if they permitted Mr. Gladstone to diminish their power of parliamentary aggression and defense by nearly two-thirds without giving them a parliament strong enough and independent enough to vindicate the rights of the Irish democracy in College green. Irishmen did not object to lose all their representation under the old bill, because they believed it gave them a scheme of autonomous government which could soon be worked so as to render Ireland virtually independent of Great Britain."

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH CARNOT?

THE CITIZEN is astonished that the government of M. Sadi Carnot, which, at present, rules France should so far knuckle to the English ambassador at Paris as to set a watch upon the movements of Messrs. Parnell, O'Brien and other Irish members of parliament. The minister of the interior first directs the director of the department of surete general (public safety) to proceed to Boulogne-sur-mer, and there, in conjunction with Mr. Gresly, commissioner of police, watch the visitors, for the purpose of despatching "detailed and prompt information to the ministry on every occurrence likely to arise under the circumstances." Then follows the official order of the director dated Jan. 5th, as follows:

The special police commissioner attached to the department of surete general will, on the receipt of this, go at once to Boulogne to exercise surveillance in conjunction with M. Gresly, commissioner of police for that town, over the movements of the Irish members, Mr. Parnell, Mr. O'Brien, and others who are expected to meet at certain hotels in the neighborhood on the 6th or 7th inst. The officer will immediately on his arrival arrange for a watch to be kept on Mr. Parnell from the moment of his landing, and for any other measures deemed advisable with regard to that person or his companions in the interest of public order. CAZELLES.

THE CITIZEN hoped that, with the fall of the Ferry ministry, truckling to England was at an end in France. A great nation should not be placed by a timid government in an attitude unworthy of its strength, its renown and its ancient friendship for Ireland. M. Sadi Carnot ought to leave the task of doing their own dirty work to the English. Did the latter aid the government of the First Consul against the murderous Chouans, or the government of the Second Empire against the Orsini conspirators? If a plot were to be organized against the life of President Carnot tomorrow, the plotters would find in London their securest asylum.

MR. ROOT'S DEATH.

In the death of John Wellborn Root, supervising architect of the World's Fair, Chicago has suffered a great loss. He was only 39 years old, and was recognized as, perhaps, the ablest man of his profession in this city. He designed some of the greatest buildings that have been erected here of late years, among others the mammoth "Rookery," which occupies the site of the temporary city hall, which was constructed immediately after the fire. Mr. Root died with almost appalling suddenness. His disease, according to his physician, Dr. Henry Harper, was croupous pneumonia, which is almost always fatal. It is supposed that over exertion and exposure, in pursuance of his professional duties, brought on the attack. There are many able architicts in Chicago, as well as outside of it, but, among them all, it will be difficult to find one superior to John Wellborn Root.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN CLUB.

THE monthly reception and hop of the Irish American club, given at the club rooms, No. 40 Dearborn street, on last Wednesday evening, was largely attended, and was a most enjoyable event. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Donoghue, Charles E. Conley, John P. Boyle, T. J. Darcy, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew M. Lynch, Miss Mamie Lynch, F. E. Donoghue, Miss Mamie Donoghue, Miss E. Enright, Miss M. Alice Enright, Henry A. Magoon, Charles Donlin, Miss Lottie Donlin, E. S. Cummings, Miss Mollie Quirk, Miss Lucy Considine, Miss Kittie Welch, Thomas C. Welch, L. J. Reed, Miss A. C. Walsh, Miss Rose Walsh, M. J. Walsh, Thomas Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Lynch, Miss Tessie Lynch, Mr. Lynch, Jr., George J. Prindeville, E. P. Casey, Miss Lizzie Ryan, Dr. J. E. Keefe, Miss Annie Kenny, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Goodwillie, Miss Julia Murphy, Miss Stella Goodwillie, Thomas P. Wade, Miss Kittie Wade, Miss Emma Wade, Miss Helen Hanlan, Miss Kate Young, G. H. Cochrane, Miss Gatley, Miss Mattie Cochrane, Mr. and Mrs. Henry McGurren, Miss Mamie Mulligan, Waukesha, Wis.; Miss Lizzie Rooney, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel B. Scully, Miss M. O'Connor, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. P. Cavanagh, Miss Agnes Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cooke, George J. Cooke, Dr. T. F. O'Malley, Mr. and Mrs. Smyth Crooks, J. B. Ritchie, Miss J. G. Ritchie, Miss May Irwin, Hugh R. Ritchie, W. J. Fortune, Miss Bessie McDonald, James Conlan, Jr., Miss Helen Enright, Miss Libbie Slattery, T. H. Ryan, J. H. Hyland, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Finerty, Mr. and Mrs. James McEnerney, Miss Mollie Bremner, Miss Belle Bremner, D. J. Gallery, Miss Rebecca Gallery, John J. Gallery, William Fogarty, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Neary, M.W. Kerwin, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Fitzgerald, James L. Weadley, Miss Aggie Graham, Miss Mamie Marks, Stephen O'Brien, Mrs. S. J. Forhan, Miss Sara Hanigan, L. M. Peak, Joseph J. Duffy, John R. Geary, Miss Mary Geary, Miss Mollie Burke, Miss L. Donnelly, Charles A. Donlin, Mr. Heenan, Dr. Thatcher, Streator, Ill.; John A. Murphy, Jr., Miss Considine, Miss Annie Long, Dr. F. A. Stahl, P. S. Dunne, Miss Kittie Kelly, James E. Moore, P. McHugh, Dennis Leahy, and many others.

A RACE for the municipal chair between Hempstead Washburn and Carter Harrison would be an event worth witnessing.

THE reception and ball of the Sheridan Club, given at the Auditorium on the evening of the 15th inst. was a brilliant social event. About one hundred couples sat down to the banquet table.

CARTER HARRISON is said to be strongly in the race for mayor, on the Democratic ticket.

THE Republican clubs, and some of the Republican papers, are advocating Mr. Hempstead Washburn, ex-city attorney, for mayor.

SIR EDWARD CECIL GUINNESS, of the famous porter brewing firm, is to be raised to the peerage. He is to be called Lord Iveagh, after the ancient lordship of the M'Ginness family in the county Down. The McGinnesses are good people enough, but this man Guinness, who is to be made a lord on "Dublin stout" principles, ought to be satisfied with being dubbed Baron Half an' Half or Lord Double X.

CLIFFORD LLOYD, the notorious Anglo-Irish stipendiary magistrate, who was one of the greatest tyrants that ever cursed Ireland, died recently at Erzeroum, in Turkey, where he was consul for the British government.

The Active Club's Party.

The fourth party of the fourth series of the Active Pleasure club will be given at Graper's new opera hall, No. 3954 State street, on Saturday evening, Feb. 7. Music will be furnished by Prof. Winkler and the entree will be at 9 o'clock. The officers of the club are, president, D. M. Joslyn; vice president, C. G. Campin; secretary, E. J. Keefe; treasurer, R. J. O'Neil; manager, J. H. Brady.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 134 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

SISTER AND BROTHER.

Miss Anna Parnell, the Spartanic Sister of the Irish Leader Speaks Her Mind Freely.

She Lays Bare, with Surgical Skill, the Rotten Abcesses of English Liberalism.

Following is the most important and significant letter addressed by Mr. Parnell's sister, Miss Anna Parnell, to the editor of the Dublin *Freeman* on the 9th inst:

DEAR SIR: I do do not intend to express an opinion as to which side is in the right on the question at present agitating the Irish world, but I wish to suggest that if the Home Rule Association were now revived, on a national and independent basis, it would tend to protect the interests of the country and prevent them from suffering through the conflict.

I know that the Home Rule League merged itself into the National League, which is supposed to represent it and discharge its functions, but when this fusion took place the circumstances were entirely different from those now prevailing. The Home Rule League had brought the fact that we had not accepted English rule, and never meant to, out of obscurity, and upheld them as long as anyone affected to deny them, until they had become undisputed realities of politics. After that there was practically nothing more for it to do, as the National League and the Parliamentary party, so long as it continued trustworthy, could and were indeed bound to do all that was possible towards procuring the actual triumph of a principle the theoretic recognition of which had already been obtained.

All that is changed now. A lively civil war is raging with the Home Rule question in its centre, while to watch over our vital interests we have the National League, which is inadequate, and the Parliamentary party, that is no longer trustworthy.

For the sake of space, I will not just here explain why I say the National League is inadequate, as the explanation does not reflect on it or anyone belonging to it, but will pass on to the Parliamentary party.

There is no escaping the conclusion that the party, whether it is in the right or in the wrong, cannot henceforth be trusted as a safe guide in a difficulty. If the approbation of any person whatsoever were essential to their choice of a chairman, it was their business to provide for that requirement at the proper time; if they didn't try to do that they showed incompetence, and if they did try, and succeeded so badly, they showed it too. The various explanations they have given of their proceedings are all of them of such a nature as to sound very serious notes of danger and warning for the people whom they represent. Some say that in the first instance they did not know what they were doing, so pathetically as to make us hope that in future they will take their nurses with them when they go out; others say they were misled by personal affection; others that they were "too loyal." It is simply for an excess of virtue that people are mean enough to blame them; others, again, took it for granted that it was Mr. Parnell's fixed intention to retire, whatever anybody else might say on the subject.

Now people who don't know what they are doing once, may not know any better another time. A tender sentiment, say, for Mr. Gladstone, of whom the Irish members seem very fond, may beguile them again; the excess of virtue plea is the most alarming of all, because the Irish members have so many virtues. We have been told about them so often that it is not necessary for me to recapitulate them in order to show how grave the possibility is that has been so suddenly revealed to us of all of them (the virtues) at any moment, proving stumbling blocks to their possessors and landing us in such a quandry as we are enjoying at present, or, for that matter, a worse one.

In the event of Mr. Parnell not being willing to retire, the Irish members, by their double action, plainly did the utmost they could to bring about a split in the National camp, so that we are fairly entitled to ask if they did not know what a man whose whole political career had been under their own observation would do, how are they to know, as they say they do, what Mr. Gladstone, who was old and crafty when most of them were in long clothes, is going to do?

The importance of the question cannot be overrated, because the whole position of the Irish party rests mainly on a claim to prophetic powers. They say to the Irish people, "Do as we bid you, and then in one year, or at the most two, a general election will return Mr. Gladstone to power, when he will pass a Home Rule bill that will make you all happy; he will also restore the plan of campaign tenants to their farms. But, on the other hand, if you do not obey us the Liberal party will not do either of these things, and the Conservative party will not do them under any circumstances."

That is to say, men who have just confessed to not foreseeing, in a comparatively simple case, the course of events two days ahead, are yet quite positive that they can foresee it one and two years ahead, and in much larger and more complicated matters. Indeed their long sightedness does not stop there; it goes beyond time itself, and penetrates into eternity, for they have foretold "everlasting shame" for anyone who "suspects" Mr. Gladstone.

It is only fair to say, however, that the chart of the future drawn up for our guidance by the Parliamentary party has the sanction of others who are not liable to the same charge of inconsistency in this instance as most of the members themselves are. The leader of this section is Mr. Davitt, who, probably when he first took up the ground that they have all flocked to since, incurred the almost unanimous censure of the Irish members for his action.

In dealing with Mr. Davitt we must not lose sight of the strange metamorphosis he has been the subject of. He went into Portland in '81 an Irishman; he came out in '82 an Englishman, and "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations" he remains an Englishman. I do not say this in any disparaging sense. I suppose the English are as worthy in their own way as we are in ours, but if Mr. Davitt is to lead the Irish people such a circumstance should not be forgotten.

The compound party is at present engaged in a vigorous propaganda of certain doctrines which seem likely to pass into axioms by the mere force of being constantly repeated. The most important of them are—That the political chart already described is absolutely reliable; that racial hatred is extinct between England and Ireland, except for a remnant still cherished by some of the Irish themselves; that the British Liberal party is influenced by so lofty and genuine a regard for religion and morality that the Irish, if they disregard it, will deservedly lose their good will and incur their contempt.

We are not told how and why all these things are, only that they are so.

We are not told why Mr. Gladstone must be judged only by the last six years of his life, and not at all by the preceding seventy-five; why nothing he did when he had a British majority at his back is to count, but only his actions after he had lost his power; we are not told what is to hinder him and the Liberal party from doing the same after the next election as they did after that of '80. We are not told *why* a Conservative government may not give Home Rule, seeing that English parties turn round as well as Irish, though, to be sure, not quite so fast. Through all our troubles we have, at least, the modest satisfaction of knowing that our party has broken the world's record in this respect.

It is not explained how, if racial hatred is extinct, "brutal and bloody Balfour" comes to be where he is; who the party is that has the "mandate" of the British people, whether it be Liberal or Conservative, always has that mandate to persecute us; and why the Liberal party, when out of power, is the only body that has a claim to represent the English race?

And last, though scarcely least, we are not told where English religion and morality were stowed away a few years ago, when Mr. O'Brien was carrying on his daring campaign on behalf of morality, with every device and weapon that Mr. Gladstone's powerful government, in parliament and out of it, could command, brought into play to obstruct and defeat him; we are not told what the English Nonconformists were about then, when Mr. O'Brien would have been driven from public life if the issue had rested with them, and he had not been saved by his own despised countrymen, the Conservative jurymen of Dublin, who supported him at their own personal risk, and in spite of the strong temptation Sir George Trevelyan held out to them, from his place on the treasury bench, to betray their trust.

It may be that all these questions are capable of being satisfactorily answered; it is certain that they require answering; and one reason why I should wish to see a purely Nationalistic body reconstituted is for the chance it would afford of calm and impartial discussion. But there would be no lack of other work for such an organization as well. Even a peace patched up on the leadership question will not place us in safety or make the Irish representation any more dependant than it is now. If the Irish members had done nothing worse than blunder this would still be true, but I have no hesitation in saying that mistakes are not the worst we have to fear from them. I am convinced that their independence has been undermined for years, if not by grosser means, at any rate by hypnotic suggestion. For a long time I have been afraid to read an Irish debate on account of the flattery of the Liberal party, by the Irish members at the expense of truth, that is sure to meet my eye. The subject is unpleasant, but I will give one example to illustrate the sort of thing I mean. One of the Irish members—I believe it was Mr. Dillon—said not long ago that Gladstone, Spencer, and company had at least kept within the law when *they* ruled in Ireland, the inference of course being a comparison disadvantageous to Salisbury, Balfour, and company. Nothing could be more flagrantly untrue than this assertion; they did nothing of the sort, and if Mr. Dillon, who used to be one of the most independent Irishmen, has brought himself to imagine such an absurdity, it only shows how completely his mental processes must be governed by mesmeric influences. I may be accused of giving an opinion where I began by saying I wouldn't give one, since all my criticisms have been directed against one side in the controversy; I do not wish it to be inferred, however, that I could not criticise the other side, too, if I liked. I have merely confined my attention to that side which is supported by the majority of Ireland's elected representatives, and as far as the opportunity has yet occurred, by the direct action of the Irish electorate, because the views of the majority are always of most importance, and, when they are wrong, the most dangerous.

ANNA PARNELL.

O'CONNOR'S NEW HALL.

We understand that plans and specifications are being prepared for additions to the substantial block of buildings erected on West Lake street by our esteemed fellow citizen, Maurice M. O'Connor. The top floor of the new structure will be devoted to hall purposes, and on the occasion of meetings, soirees, etc., will be able to accommodate a large number of people. It gives us pleasure at all times to note the business successes of those fellow countrymen of ours who, like Mr. O'Connor, have adhered through weal and woe to the principle of Irish nationality. Mr. O'Connor was born in Ireland in 1848. Having taken a man's share in the I.R.B. movement across the seas, he had like other brave men to leave the land of his birth in 1867, and seek shelter under the Stars and Stripes. Since then, with the exception of a short period spent in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, Mr. O'Connor has resided in Chicago, where, by hard toil and unceasing energy, he has succeeded in winning a comfortable competence, and is destined to be one of Chicago's solid men. Having started in life as a toiler himself, Mr. O'Connor's sympathies are and have been with the laboring classes, whose cause and interests he has always championed. In conclusion we have only to add that Mr. O'Connor, while strictly performing all the duties of American citizenship, never forgets that he owes a duty to his native land at whose disposal he has always laid the resources of his voice and purse. We wish Mr. O'Connor every success in the business enterprise on which he is now embarking.

THE HIRED GIRL.

Eleanor Kirk Thinks She is Really Entitled to be Considered a Human Being.

Some Mistresses Have no Consideration for Their Domestics.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 19.—A Dayton, Ohio, housekeeper wishes to know if I have ever seen any good result from the acceptance of positions as domestics by American girls. She admits that she has not had much experience, but that little argues directly against the innovation. "They are neither one thing or another," she writes. "One is afraid of hurting their feelings by treating them as one is accustomed to treat servants, and consequently the work is never satisfactory. In one instance, I very mildly suggested that I did not allow my help to go out evenings except the one evening in the week to which they were entitled. The next week I had no girl. Susan Jane declared that she was not an eye servant to be watched, dictated to and reprimanded, and so that was the end of the American girl arrangement."

It was always a mystery to me why housekeepers should wish to place a mortgage on every hour of the twenty-four of a girl's time. When the housework is done why should not a girl be allowed the evening if she comes home in proper season? Why should our cooks and helpers be made to feel like scullions and slaves? What satisfaction can it be to the lady in the parlor or library to know that the woman who has worked faithfully in her kitchen since early morning is still in the same place? And let me say right here that where one mistress does what she can to make the kitchen pleasant and cosy for evening occupancy, there are twenty-five into whose heads such a thought never enters. The girls cannot sew because the light is nearer the ceiling than the table, and then there are heads of houses who, although they insist that their servants shall not go out evenings are so economical, not to say mean, that they wish the fire in the kitchen range to be entirely out by bedtime. How some women can manage to get their work done is the conundrum of my life. Why, I know mistresses so inconsistent, so utterly without human feeling, that it seems to me that nothing but the fear of starvation could ever induce a servant to stay with them over night. I always distrust a woman who inveighs against "followers." Given a respectable girl, one known to be honest, and I can see no reason why she should not have company occasionally in the evening when her day's work is done. Great heavens, madam, your cook, dishwasher and sweeper is a human being like yourself, and a very necessary human being to you. Give her a chance to draw a long breath once in a while. Monotony is quite as monotonous to her as to you. How would you like to be confined a week at a time in even the pleasantest of your rooms, where there is light and warmth and books to read and fancy work to your hand? Not much, I'll warrant. Why should you expect your servant to keep her good nature under such deplorable conditions? Put yourself in her place and try and think how you would like it. Yes, I maintain that American girls are great successes in the kitchen, and heads of families are chiefly to blame that they are "neither one thing nor the other." They are our friends and our helpers, and that is enough. Tact and consideration on the part of the employer are what is needed.

I wish I had space to give to a most interesting letter from a lady 81 years old, in reference to hygienic matters. She begs me to impress upon the minds of my dyspeptic readers the necessity of eating a very light meal at night, and speaks in the most enthusiastic terms of sea moss blancmange. She says she has entirely cured a grandson of dyspepsia of ten year's standing, by giving him this blancmange and nothing else twice a day for two months, ground beef broiled, and boiled rice made the dinners during this time, with coffee, both for morning and mid-day meals. My correspondent suggests that when patients do not at first like the sea flavor to add a few drops of vanilla, and that she has yet to see the person who will not relish the blancmange so flavored.

Emma Abbott, leaving the world at the age of 40, has shown by her immense fortune, which one has willed to old and invalid members of the dramatic and musical profession, what business ability, united with courage, tact and invincible determination can do. Without the least intention of placing her friends, admirers and acquaintances under obligation to her she always succeeded in doing so. I do not believe anyone ever left Emma Abbott after a half hour's interview who did not feel like showing an appreciation of her qualities as a woman and an artist. If she disappointed sometimes as a singer, she made up for it in her unselfish interest for others, her sweet and unaffected womanliness, and the splendid manner in which she managed her company and her business affairs. Her reception of a young man who was to try for a place soon to be vacant in her company, was so charming and so sympathetic that it endeared me to her at once. He came to the Amphion academy at the close of a matinee performance, and Miss Abbott excused herself promptly from the circle of friends who had called upon her and went smilingly to meet him. "It is bitter cold here," she said, in her quick, cheery way, "and you won't have half a chance." Her keen intuitions had discerned the poor fellow's frightful nervousness. "It is so much harder to do a thing in this cold-blooded fashion than to sing before an audience. We will try this, if you please." The accompanist took his seat, and in two minutes the ordeal was over. "Bravo," said the managress, extending her hand kindly. "Be here tomorrow evening. Thank you very much." As I left the stage she followed me to the door tucking my furs a little closer about my neck. "Be careful, my dear," she said, "this is splendid pneumonia weather." That was the last time I ever saw Emma Abbott.

Occasionally I am favored with a letter from a man. Sometimes these writers agree with me, sometimes they do the other thing. But the letter from which I give an extract was very pleasant to get, because a woman does like to have a man praise her once in a while.

"I am anxious to tell you," he begins, "how much I have been helped by your calling my attention to the soft capsules of quinine sulphate, and also how much I have been able to help others. I have been for years a victim of malaria, and am never free from some kind of a horrible cold. If the quinine pills I have taken could have been converted into bullets and used against the Indians, there wouldn't be a red skin on the American continent today. These pills have always disagreed with my stomach, and have accomplished very little good in any way. Quinine is evidently what I need, for the very first capsule helped me at once, and this because the quinine was free to do its work, instead of being mixed up with dough or what not, upon which the gastric juice can make little or no impression."

My correspondent has hit the nail squarely on the head. If one needs quinine let him take quinine in the purest and most available form. Quinine pills often leave the body exactly as they were swallowed, the only effect having been to disarrange and irritate. ELEANOR KIRK.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

The little chapel of the Presentation Convent, Limerick, was the scene of an interesting religious ceremony recently, when Miss M. Wallace, daughter of Mr. James Wallace, Upper William street, received the white veil. The young religieuse took the name of Sister Mary Ita. She is the second daughter of Mr. Wallace who has joined the Presentation Order.

Mr. O'Brien Dalton has been removed from Clonmel to Kilmainham jail, Dublin.

Mr. E. R. Murphy, who represented the South of Ireland on the recent agricultural delegation to Canada, has returned. Mr. Murphy is chairman of the Tralee board of guardians. He accompanied Major Stevenson, Knockbrack, Derry, and the other delegates on their four months' tour in Canada. Mr. Murphy speaks in sanguine terms of the northwest of Canada as a field for agricultural enterprise.

The death is announced of the Rev. Mr. Anderson, who was so long identified with the National movement in the south of Ireland as a Protestant Home Ruler.

Mr. Augustine Roche, T. C., Cork, has been served with a writ by Mr. Maurice Healy, M.P., solicitor, for slander. Damages are laid at £1,000. The alleged slander is contained in a statement made by Mr. Roche at a public meeting, to the effect that Mr. Healy employed a bellman in some towns of the county to signify his advent, with a view to secure professional business.

On Dec. 30 the ceremony of turning the first sod on the new line of railway between Collooney and Claremorris was performed by the Very Rev. Canon Staunton, of Tubbercurry.

On New Year's Day Mr. Simon Jordan was reinstalled as mayor, and Capt. Branigan as high sheriff of Drogheda for 1891.

The trial of Bartholomew Sullivan, on the charge of being one of the murderers of the caretaker Flahive, at Ballyheigue, in 1887, was resumed on Dec. 31, at the Munster assizes at Nenagh, when some very singular evidence was given for the prosecution by a police constable and a man who professed to have been in the company of the murdered man shortly before the crime, to have heard the fatal shot, and to have overheard a subsequent conversation of the murderers, whose voices he swore he knew to be those of the prisoner, an evicted tenant named Kennelly, who has since fled to America, and a third man whom he did not know. The police evidence was that the prisoner had boasted (at a time when he was admitted to be under the influence of liquor) that he knew all about the murder. The prisoner was found guilty of the murder, and was sentenced to be hanged in Tralee jail.

At the winter assizes in Nenagh, James Madden pleaded not guilty to an indictment charging him with having killed Nicholas Madden, his brother, at Gurtatolla, within two miles of Dóon, in the county of Limerick, on Aug. 27. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter, and the prisoner was sentenced to six months' imprisonment from the date of his committal on Sept. 19.

The body of a man named Timothy Sullivan, of Mallow, was found on Dec. 28 in the river Blackwater, a short distance from Killavallen.

Two melancholy fatalities have recently occurred in the Kanturk district. On Dec. 31, a man named Jeremiah Savage was found in a dying condition in a garden some miles from the town, with his throat cut. The unfortunate man held a knife in his hand with which it is supposed he inflicted the wound. Deceased, for some years past, had led a wandering life, and was known to be of unsound mind.

On Christmas eve a carpenter named Fitzgerald, living within six miles of Boherbee, left home to see friends in that locality, whom, however, he never reached. On the following Monday his body was discovered in a field, half immersed in a pool of water. It is supposed that Fitzgerald was under the influence of drink when he fell into the dyke, where he was smothered before he could extricate himself.

John Lynagh, of Harlinstown, Slane, died at his residence, on Christmas day, after a few days illness.

An inquest was held at Newmarket-on-Fergus recently, on the body of a farmer named Enright, who was found dead on the road. The medical evidence showed that death resulted from the bursting of a blood vessel in the head.

It is curious to note the increase in the consumption of meat which is made in a city like Dublin by Christmastide. During the week previous to Christmas, according to the report of the public health committee, there were killed in the municipal abattoir 138 oxen and 332 sheep: the following week the numbers fell to 30 oxen and 72 sheep. The report also states that 420 bathers visited the Tara street establishment during the week, but whether this large number (a considerable increase) is also to be ascribed to the influence of Christmas it would be rather difficult to say. Sixty persons were accommodated every night last week at the corporation lodging houses while 134 of the artisans' dwellings in Bow Lane continue to be filled.

Robert O'Brien has been committed for trial by the magistrates at Ennis on a charge of complicity in the shooting of caretaker Hallinan, for which two men have already been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

Mr. Maurice Healy, father of Timothy Healy, M.P., has been re elected clerk of the Lismore union. Mr. Healy has served the union thirty-eight years. The guardians have adopted a resolution increasing his salary by £60 per annum.

On the evening of Dec. 29, the premises of Thomas Slattery, of Ballygeoghegan, two miles from Dungarvan, were burned to the ground.

On New Year's Day Ald. Daniel Horgan was installed as mayor of Cork for the second time, having been unanimously re elected.

The police authorities are working the star chamber inquiry in Castlerea very energetically. A large number of the tenants on the DeFreyne property have received summonses to present themselves for examination. In some cases the tenants have attended and have gone to jail for refusing to answer the questions put to them, while others have not come at all. Three of the tenants, named Harte, Kelly and Bairne, were on New Year's eve conveyed by the mail train to Castlebar jail for refusing to give evidence.

Dr. Harrison, of Roscommon, died recently.

A cottage occupied by Michael Monahan and his wife, an aged couple, at Cong, took fire on the night of Dec. 26. There was no help near them, and their dwelling was completely consumed, and they with it. Nothing was found of them in the ruins except a few charred bones, and the bare walls only of their cottage were left standing.

On New Year's Day, Mr. Aaron Baxter, J.J., was installed mayor of Derry, for the second term in succession.

THE EXILES' GREETING.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Let love recall to ev'ry mind,
And, oh, let mem'ry greet
The dear old land we've left behind,
Wherever we may meet:
Thus knit in one the scattered Gael
Throughout the days to be
Shall ne'er forget, but proudly hail
Their kith beyond the sea—
Their kith and kin, that live within
The circle of the sea!

And balm will fall like Heaven's dew
Upon the wounds of years,
And peace will come, and mercy too
To dry the mourner's tears;
While o'er the land from shore to shore
Our soulful greetings flee
To wish God speed for ever more
To hearts beyond the sea—
Those valiant hearts—those gallant hearts
That throb beyond the sea!

Hark, lo! our voices, ringing, say:
"We shall have help for you
As long as in the tollsome fray
You to yourselves are true:
As long as to a tyrant's throne
You'll bend no craven knee,
Our arms are yours, and yours alone,
O clans beyond the sea!
Ye manly clans—ye rebel clans
Beyond the rolling rea!"

Let faith like this speed in its glow
Athwart the ocean's face,
And knit in one through weal or woe
Our yet unconquered race,
Till old and young, the son and sire,
The bard and *vanithee*
Will robe in freedom's glad attire
That isle beyond the sea—
That loving isle—that mother isle
Beyond the deep blue sea!

So, let our message flash in love
Where Lee and Shannon flow,
And gild the starry skies above,
The crystal waves below;
And let it speak with right good will,
And this its burden be—
That Irish exiles labor still
For Ireland o'er the sea—
For tow'r and town, and freedom's crown
Beyond the foaming sea!

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

New Cunard Steamers.

The Cunard Steamship Company has contracted for the building of two large fast steamers of 12,000 tons each, which will make the voyage between New York and Queenstown in five days and eight hours and New York and Liverpool under six days at a speed of twenty-two knots an hour. The ships are to be built on the Clyde, to cost $2,000,000 each and to be ready in 1892.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Don't experiment with your health You may be *sure* of the quality of your medicine, even if you have to take much of your food upon trust. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and no other. It is the standard blood-purifier, the most effective and economical.

ROMAN AFFAIRS.

The Festival of Christmas Celebrated with Great Splendor in the Eternal City.

Remarks of the Pope Concerning the Condition of the Church.

[*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*]

CHRISTMAS IN ROME.

Christmas week, like Easter week, is one of grand religious ceremonies and receptions at Rome. The Holy Father has no sooner finished one audience than another commences. On Christmas eve the cardinals and prelates met at 10:30 in the morning to offer their New Year wishes to the sovereign pontiff. At 11 o'clock they were admitted to the pontiff's presence. The reception was held in the throne room. This year the reunion was very large, because it was known that the Holy Father would speak strongly upon subjects of the highest importance, notably about King Humbert's recent speech when opening parliament. In reply to the usual allocution by Cardinal Monaco della Valletta, dean of the Sacred College, Leo XIII spoke with great energy, and not without bitterness, of his own position as pioneer, and of the constant war waged against the church. He said that whilst Christmas was a time of joy for all, for the church it has been a time of sadness for many years. He wished that the same peace could reign upon earth today that reigned at the time of our Savior's birth. Unhappily such is not the case. The sovereign pontiff congratulated the faithful upon their prompt obedience to the counsels of his last encyclical. He mourned over Italy of the present day as being, instead of the cradle of Catholicism the very place whence it is most banished. The church, the Holy Father said, respects the rights of others, but requires hers to be respected also. In conclusion he invited all Catholics to demand energetically the independence of the Pope, without which Italy is not, and never can be happy. Those who were present could not help feeling struck by the words and voice of the Holy Father, and declare that at the present moment the venerable pontiff is, both physically and morally, more vigorous than ever.

PAPAL AUDIENCE.

On St. Stephen's Day the Holy Father received Prince Altieri, commander of the Noble Guards, as well as the whole corps, the officers of the Swiss and Palatine Guards, the gendarmeria, and heads of his household. With his habitual amiability the Pope found words of friendship and benevolence for all. Immediately after the pontifical audience the Noble Guards, accompanied by their chief, went to pay their respects and compliments for the New Year to his Eminence Cardinal Rampolla, secretary of state, and to his Eminence Mgr. Ruffo-Scilla, Majordomo to his Holiness, according to the etiquette of the pontifical court. On Friday, also, Leo XIII received all the ambassadors attached to the Holy See in audience.

FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

The feast of St. John the Evangelist was celebrated at St. John Lateran with great magnificence on Saturday. In the Gothic tabernacle, over the Papal altar, the heads of SS. Peter and Paul were exposed. In one of the side chapels the cup out of which Domitian forced the evangelist to drink poison, his tunic and chains were to be seen. Solemn pontifical high mass was celebrated by his Eminence Cardinal Monaco della Valletta. As usual, the music, composed of two choirs and two organs, and directed by Maestro Capocci, one of the oldest and best composers of church music in Rome, was exquisite. The day, which was cold an wet, did not seem to damp the fervor of the crowds who from morning until night visited the magnificent basilica.

CHILDREN AS PREACHERS.

One of the most curious spectacles of Christmas week in Rome is the children preachers in the church of Ara Coeli, beside the capitol. It is here that the celebrated Santo Bambino, so venerated by the Romans, is kept. In remembrance of the Child Jesus preaching in the Temple several little boys recite sermons in the church on Christmas Day, and at intervals during the octave, before crowds of the faithful and curious. These children are sometimes very bright and intelligent, and frequently imitate well known preachers with faithful mimicry of voice and gesture.

A SADDENING SCENE.

The monster Christmas tree organized by the Don Chisciotte newspaper staff in the Palace of Fine Arts, in the Via Nazionale, for poor children, proved to be a spectacle of the hideous actual misery in Rome. Where they all came from is a mystery. Rags and decency, sickness and strength, and, above all, dirt galore. Poveretti!

THE BISHOP OF SALFORD BANQUETTED.

On Sunday last the members of the Immaculate Conception Circle gave a banquet in honor of the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, bishop of Salford. M. Soldini, who was spokesman, begged Dr. Vaughan, in the name of all the members, to accept the title of honorary member. His Lordship accepted the honor with the greatest cordiality, and, in his answering speech, spoke with sincere admiration of this association of Catholic youth and the good work which it is doing among its members and elsewhere. Several toasts were proposed, especially an enthusiastic one to the Holy Father.

THE GOVERNMENT AND HISTORICAL MONUMENTS.

The *Moniteur de Rome* assures us that the mosaics of the apside in the basilica of St. Paul, outside the walls, are in a most neglected condition. The *Moniteur* makes the very pertinent and true remark that this is the way in which the government protects the monuments declared to be national! Minister Crispi's motto most probably is, "After *me* the Deluge." What can an atheist minister and his colleagues care if a beautiful historical monument crumbles to dust for want of repair?

MIDNIGHT MASS.

Midnight mass was celebrated in the churches of St. Maria Maggiore, St. Louis des Français, Ara Coeli, St. Maria del l'Anima, the French Seminary, St. Joseph's College, St. Mary of the Angels, and in the chapel of the nuns of the Retreat, S. Louis des Français, as usual, carrying off the palm for splendour of decoration and excellent music.

PERE MONSABRE.

The marvelous coincidence of events and prophesies in witness of the coming of the Redeemer was the subject treated by the Rev. Pere in his fifth Advent homily at the church of St. Andrea della Valle. Humanity, he said, was in want of a Redeemer. It was sufficient to cast a glance upon the deplorable state of the pagan peoples and Jews, plunged in the darkness of error and crime, to understand how absolutely they stood in need of a Savior. All flesh was corrupted. Among God's chosen people, the Jews, there were for forty centuries prophets who had announced the coming of Jesus Christ. The voice of St. John the Baptist crying in the wilderness to prepare the way of the Lord, and declaring the signs by which He was to be known, foretold the coming of the Redeemer. The people were in expectation. Nothing could be more vividly impressive than this history of Jesus Christ written in advance by the prophets, and describing every detail of his life and death. The grand and scientific subject was treated by the preacher with Bossuet like erudition, and he terminated his discourse by inviting the faithful to imitate the fervor of the ancient world in its preparation for the coming of the Messiah by preparing themselves with fervor and devotion for the coming of Jesus Christ into their souls.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. B. McDowd, son of Col. M. J. McDowd, of this city, recently performed a heroic act in rescuing his little son, aged eight years, from their burning residence, No. 360 Ontario street. Mr. McDowd was an invalid, but he got out of bed when he smelt the smoke, dashed up stairs like a hero, and rescued his boy. He was severely injured. All the other members of the family escaped. They are now at Gore's Hotel.

Major James B. Quinn, of the United States Army Engineer Corps, who was long in charge of the harbor improvements at Duluth, Minn., has been transferred to New Orleans, where his services are needed on important government works. The leading citizens of Duluth gave a farewell banquet to the popular officer at the Spalding Hotel, on the evening of the 5th inst. About a hundred guests were present. Major Baldwin presided, and speeches were made by Col. C. H. Graves, the Hon. O. P. Stearns, Luther Mendenhall, A. M. Miller, G. S. Hartley, O. M. Simonds and D. G. Cash. Major Quinn, in response to the toast of his health and prosperity, responded briefly and most eloquently. He expressed regret at the transfer, advocated municipal harmony between Duluth and West Superior, Wis., which practically constitute one city, and predicted a magnificent future for both. The Major was loudly applauded throughout his remarks.

OBITUARY.

ASSISTANT MARSHAL FITZGERALD.

Assistant Fire Marshal Fitzgerald, chief of the Seventh Battalion, died suddenly at his residence, No. 401 South May street, on Monday, in the 48th year of his age. The cause of death was heart failure. Mr. Fitzgerald had been connected with the Chicago Fire Department since 1871, and was a most efficient officer. His death is sincerely lamented. His wife and several children survive him.

MR. JOHN C. SULLIVAN.

Among the well known citizens of Chicago who have recently fallen victims of acute pneumonia, THE CITIZEN regrets to have to chronicle the name of Mr. John C. Sullivan, of La Salle avenue, who died, after a few days illness, in the early part of last week. Mr. Sullivan was only 36 years of age, and was, apparently, possessed of great vitality. He was for many years an employe of the city water department, and was both loved and esteemed by his friends and neighbors. He was a son of the late Capt. John C. Sullivan, who was drowned about two years ago while in discharge of his duty on the lakes. He was also nephew of Mr. Redmond Prindiville and Capt. John Prindiville. Mr. Sullivan's sudden and premature death has cast a gloom over many families of Chicago to whom he was closely related. He was of handsome person, and had a sunshiny disposition, which made him "the favorite of all circles and the idol of his own." Requiescat in pace.

MR. JOHN BUTLER.

Mr. John Butler, father of Mrs. Redmond F. Sheridan, died at his residence, No. 61 Lytle street, on Tuesday, in the 61st year of his age. Mr. Butler was born in Ireland and came to America early in life. He grew up to be a man of fine physique and was appointed a member of the Chicago police force over thirty years ago. He served with credit until about seven years since, when chronic ill health compelled him to retire. Mr. Butler was an honest citizen, and a good Irishman. He carries with him to the grave the sincere respect of all who knew him. The funeral occurred on Thursday from the residence to the Holy Family church, and was very largely attended. The remains were interred in the family lot at Calvary cemetery.

PRIVATE JAMES E. KELLY.

The remains of Private James E. Kelly, Troop I, Seventh Cavalry, who was killed in the fight with Big Foot's band of Sioux Indians at Wounded Knee Creek, Neb., on Dec. 29 last, arrived in this city on Friday of last week, and were conveyed to the residence of his mother, Mrs. P. N. Kelly, No. 271 Loomis street. Deceased was nearly 23 years old when he died as became a brave and loyal soldier. The funeral services occurred on Friday morning of last week. High mass of requiem was celebrated at the Holy Family church. An appropriate discourse was preached by the officiating priest. The attendance at the funeral was exceptionally large, many old soldiers of the volunteer and regular armies joining in the procession. The interment was at Calvary.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Would rather be without bread

BISHOP'S RESIDENCE, Marquette, Mich., Nov. 7, 1889.

The Rev. J. Kosbiel of above place writes: I have suffered a great deal, and whenever I feel now a nervous attack coming I take a dose of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and feel relieved. I think a great deal of it and would rather be without bread than without the Tonic.

Cured entirely after 12 years!

TONAWANDA, ERIE CO., N. Y., Febr. 1889.

My daughter had fits from fright since 12 years, sometimes 3 to 4 attacks within 24 hours without any warning; during these spells her thumbs would be cramped toward the inside of her hands, her mouth be drawn sideways, her neck would swell up, and her face assumed a blueish color, this would last from 10 to 15 minutes after that she slept, was drousy for about 2 hours.—We tried many remedies without any improvement, but 6 bottles of Pastor Koenigs Nerve Tonic cured her at last; we therefore recommend this remedy to all sufferers.

JOHN EDIN.

Our **Pamphlet** for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent **free** to any address, and **poor** patients can also obtain this medicine **free** of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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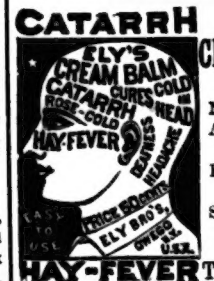

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THE SWALLOWS.

O mother, will the swallows never come?
Feel my cheek, 'tis hot and burning,
And my heart is sick with yearning,
But I'm always well as soon as swallows come.

They brought me in a primrose yesterday;
And when primroses are blowing,
Then I know that winter's going,
And the swallows cannot then be far away.

Hark, my old thrush in the garden singing clear!
How I love his note to follow
But the swallow, O the swallow,
Bringing summer with him, the summer is more dear.

And the lambs' bleat! Could I see them once again,
With their innocent sweet faces,
And their friskings, and their races!
Once I used—but now I cannot stir for pain.

Mother, lift me, all this side is growing numb;
Oh, how dark the room is! Fold me
To your bosom, tighter hold me!
Or I shall be gone before the swallows come.

And the swallows came again across the wave;
And the sky was soft and tender,
With a gleam of rainbow splendor,
As they laid their little darling in the grave.

And they often watch the swallows by her tomb;
And they strain to think, but straining
Cannot still the heart's complaining,
"She is better there where swallows never come."

And they carved the bird she loved upon her stone;
Joyous guest of summer, darting
Hither, thither, then departing
In a night, to joys of other worlds unknown.
—Spectator.

A DIFFERENCE IN CLAY.

You may not know, but Clement Scott was the young American sculptor who won such distinction abroad last fall, and over whom during the following winter society at home, with her usual fickleness, had come to rave. It is something unusual for Philadelphia to arouse herself over an American, but in Scott's case it seemed natural enough. The personal attractions of the man himself, to say nothing of the distinction Paris had bestowed upon him, were grounds sufficient for his being a social favorite.

Immediately upon his arrival from abroad he was besieged with invitations to receptions and balls, teas and dinners, and the like. Various societies gave public receptions in his honor; the country clubs lunched him, and the city clubs gave him dinners. It went very well for a time, but in a time, too, it grew most tiresome. Scott stood the whole thing as long as he could; then, breaking a dozen or more engagements, he closed his rooms and went away to the seashore. He had learned to his own satisfaction—to his own disappointment—how little society knew of his art, how little she cared, and that it was the glitter of his medal, not himself, that people loved.

It was the middle of spring when Clement Scott came to Hull. He had lived there during the summers previous to his going abroad. The sea, the cliffs, the stretches of white sand, the grass covered hills, were all very dear to him, and he smiled as he found the memories of these coming back to him. There was one memory, though, which seemed to crowd all the beauties of sea and shore from his thoughts, and then of a sudden to bring them all trooping back again, and in the light of his boyhood love.

That love was something which had never gone from his memory. In his studio in Paris he had often caught himself shaping in the soft clay the features of that one face. He was good at modeling, but however truly his hands might follow his memory, he could never seem to catch the spirit of the image in his mind; he could never put life into the face. "It is not she," he would say. "It does not love me." And then he would crush the clay into a shapeless mass and try his hand at other work.

It was very natural that Scott should feel as he did about the face he had loved in his boyhood. The circumstances were peculiar. He had saved the girl's life at the risk of his own. In crossing a track she had fastened her foot in a switch, and must have been killed had not Scott rescued her. As it was she had not escaped without injury; her arm had been run over. Some one said the child's name was Mildred Boday. Scott knew the beautiful place the Bodays had been building on the hill near his own home, and there he had carried her, with her dress torn from the shoulder, and her little white arm, cruelly crushed and bleeding, hanging at his side.

The injury was a severe one. It became necessary to amputate the child's arm close to the shoulder, and it was during this period of her confinement that Scott came to know Mildred Boday well. Young as he was, he loved the beautiful well enough to take joy in watching Mildred's sweet face, with the wealth of golden hair which hung about it, or in looking into Mildred's blue eyes, wide open with wonder or joy at his tales. When Mildred got about again Clement was her right hand man. The functions of the arm she had lost were supplied by an artificial arm of French mechanism—an arm that could be moved at will, or even taken off altogether. That arm was a source of great amusement to them. Sometimes its joints would stick, and Clement would have to rescue Mildred from some awkward position, and then they would laugh and think it a great joke.

At the close of his sixteenth year Scott went abroad and took up his sculpturing under an Italian master, first in Rome and then in Paris. Eight years afterward he received his medal, and with it the praise of the whole of Europe. Then he returned to America.

Then it was that the young sculptor, with all the glamor of a triumph abroad and in the midst of an ovation at home, left the prattles and insincerities of New York society for the quiet and for the girl in the little sea town of Hull.

He found the sea, the cliffs, the stretches of white sand all unchanged. Mildred Boday had changed. She was a woman. But she was just the same to him. There was a little formality at first, but formality could not live when they were together, and soon they came to be the same boy and girl they had been when they parted.

Scott fixed up his old studio and the workshop where he had modeled his first head. Mildred helped him to drape his walls and to place his belongings, and when they had finished it was a pretty study. Scott had ordered a block of marble from Paris, and when it came he set to work upon it to try the experiment of cutting an image directly in the marble and without the aid of the clay model. The image he was to follow was the Venus of Milo. He was doing it solely for pleasure, he said, and so worked only when he felt like it. Mildred was frequently by his side in the studio. Now and then she would pose her head to give him an idea of a curve or a line, and always it was more in fun than in seriousness that the work went on.

In a few weeks, however, the head of the Venus was freed from the stone, and to the wonderment of Mildred, the face that she had seen hewed bit by bit from the cold white marble seemed all at once to have life, to be real, and more, to be her own.

She laughed, and she cried.

"I feel as if some one had shut me up in that stone, ages and ages ago," she said, "and that only now you had come to take me out."

"And what do you suppose you would have done had I never came?" Clement asked, chiseling away at the Cupid lips of his statue.

"Always been dead, I suppose," she said with a sigh, looking up at him with a roguish smile.

The look was too much for Clement. The marble lips could not hold him when the red ones were there, just waiting to be kissed; nor could he work more that day—he was too happy.

But for some unaccountable reason society had got it into its head that young Scott, "the distinguished American sculptor," as he was commonly called, had left society and gone into seclusion to work. Strange stories got about. He was finishing a statue he had been at work upon for years, it was said, and immediately artists began to interest themselves concerning his whereabouts. The newspapers, working in the interest of the public, had made it their particular business to look into the matter. In part they were successful. They found that he was at Hull, and, because he would not be seen, they inferred that he must be working upon some masterpiece.

That was the story that went abroad.

Artists and newspaper men by the score came to Hull, all anxious to catch a first glimpse of the new work of art. Scott had finished little more than the head and bust of the statue of his Venus of Milo; one of the broken arms to be was still in the crude marble, and he absolutely refused to have his work viewed and criticized by this curious crowd—at least before he had finished.

It was perhaps a week after this sort of curiosity concerning Scott's new work had set in, that Mildred and he, in the studio together, were running through a batch of letters. They were, as usual, chiefly requests for interviews, or the like. Among them was a note from the president of the Society of American Sculptors. He wished Mr. Scott to give him and a few of his brothers in art the pleasure of beholding what he felt sure was to be the greatest of American sculpture masterpieces.

Scott laughed. "What perfect nonsense!" he said, as he read the letter aloud. It was the same old flattery, and all caused, he thought, by his medal. He got up and walked across the studio to where his work stood, and pulling off the sheet that covered it called to Mildred in a dramatic voice:

"Look! the masterpiece of American sculpture!" and he pointed his finger at the half finished statue.

They both laughed, and then Mildred added more seriously, "But, Clement, it is fine."

"I am glad you like it," he said. "I don't care what they think; and, besides, what do those cads, who haven't seen any of my work, know of my work? Their praises annoy me. I doubt if some of them could tell a plaster cast from a marble cutting. They are ignoramuses in regard to art—the most of them," and Scott threw the sheet back over the statue, disgusted.

"They can't tell sculpturing when they see it," he went on. "Why, if I were to fix you up as the statue I doubt even if they would discover the deception. And, by Jove, Mildred, I'll do it! I'll fix a box to look like marble, stand you in it, drape your shoulder and whiten your hair and face. With the use of some plaster of Paris we can make your breast seem to come directly out from the rough stone; and your arm—why, Mildred, we can take that off. You will be the real Venus of Milo, and I'll wager they won't see the deception. Are you willing, Mildred?" he asked, all excitement now.

"Do you think they would be deceived?" Mildred asked. "What a joke if they were," she went on, catching the spirit of his plans. "What a joke!"

And so it was decided. Scott sent the president of the Society of American Sculptors a favorable answer to his letter. He stated the day and named the hour he should be pleased to receive his artist friends, and though he assured them his statue was quite incomplete, still he said they should have a peep at it. Mildred and himself at once began preparations for the exhibit, and long before the appointed day came they were in high glee over the prospects, for their private rehearsals had proven more than successful.

And then the trial and the end of it all came. It was a beautiful day about the first of June. The studio had been arranged with especial care for the occasion. There were bits of the sculptor's art about the room, some profiles in white against black plush upon the walls, and draperies hung in profusion.

At 2 o'clock the invited guests, artists and journalists, about a dozen in number, arrived at the little summer home of the Scotts on the hill. Clement received them and entertained them over cigars with the talk of men and things which usually interest such people. For a full hour they sat this way. He could see plainly that his guests were becoming impatient for something more exciting than talk, but still he kept them in the studio.

Some one called to see Scott. He excused himself and was gone some minutes. When he came back he was profuse in his apologies for his long absence, but he made up for the absence by unlocking the door which, as he said, led into his work room.

It was a large room, totally unfurnished, into which he led them. The sunlight streamed in through open windows and fell in streaks across the stained floor. Near the center of the room stood the half finished statue, upon which his work had really been done. There were tools and chips of marble lying about the stone as though work had just been suspended. Extending across the extreme end of the room hung a heavy, dark plush curtain.

"I suppose I should apologize, gentlemen," Clement began, "for bringing you here to see a work that is as yet so far from completion; still, since it is by your own request that you come, I hardly see what apology I can offer."

There was a chorus of "Pray, no apologies," and Scott went on, pointing to the statue in the center of the room. "This is the first study of the work you have come to see, gentlemen. Even it is quite incomplete; but still no apologies."

And so saying Scott went to the open windows, drew down the shades and shut out the sunlight. There was an uncertain glimmer in the room, which he soon steadied by lighting some reflector lamps. Then he stopped a moment before the plush curtain.

"I almost fear to show you this work, it is so imperfect," he said.

There was no reply.

He waited a moment and it grew oppressively still. He stepped to the curtains, pushed them aside, looked at his work a moment, and then joined his guests. They stood in a group at the other end of the room.

There was not a sound, not an exclamation of surprise; hardly a breath.

There before them, from what appeared to be a solid block of white marble, rose the magnificent head and full shapely bust of a goddess. It was indeed the Venus of Milo. The stone was placed so as to give but a profile view of the face, but the profile was divine. The left arm of the figure was broken quite off, while on the right side the work had not progressed far enough to disclose the broken member.

So strong was the contrast between finished and unfinished stone; so perfect, so human the finished portion of the work seemed that it was almost painful to see the rough, uncut edges of the marble press into the smooth surface of the finished breast. There was an expression about the face which seemed to say to those lookers on, "When shall I ever be taken from this cold stone?" And because they could not answer that question they were silent.

The guests glanced from one to another, then hurriedly back again to the statue, lest it should have vanished before them.

Scott stood by the side of his stone study of the Venus and noted their astonishment. Still no one spoke.

He was growing fearful of what this silence might mean, and he ventured:

"Well, is it good?" His voice sounded queerly.

There was an audible whisper.

"Marvelous! Marvelous!" breathed the guests. They said no more.

It was enough. The silent spell had been broken. They had not detected the difference in clay.

And drawing the curtain before the image of his heart Clement Scott threw up the shades, letting a burst of blinding sunshine into the room.

That fall the most noticeable work of art at the exhibition of the Society of American Sculptors was a study in marble of the Venus of Milo.

It was by Clement Scott.

And society, when it learned that this same Scott, whom the winter before it had so petted, had gone to a little sea town to get him a wife, brought itself to be forgiven for once when it saw who that wife was, while the president of the sculptors said to Clement one day as he studied the face of Mildred Boday:

"Well, I see, my boy, there is a difference in clay."—Philadelphia Press.

The Way He Got Even.

I recently visited a certain part of this world where it seemed as though every other man and about half of the women whom I met were the authors of books, and not a few of them entertained the notion that I must have read or heard of their volumes of poetry or theology or romance or criticism or legisties or piety or science. I was often embarrassed by the question of new acquaintances, "Have you read my book?" and I always felt indisposed to give offense by repeating Carlyle's reply to the inquiry, "No; is it a big book?"

On one occasion, however, when a professor in the university asked me the familiar question, I bethought me of a way of relieving myself from embarrassment by abruptly, yet I hope courteously, asking, "Have you read my book?" The professor, who had not heard of my brochure, though it appeared in print ten years ago, was put in as bad a plight as he had previously put me in, and his mortification over his ignorance was even more grievous than mine. The quiddity served me ever afterward when I met an inquiring author.—John Swinton.

Civilities Exchanged.

A French gentleman who was staying at the Bellevue hotel stepped out of the hotel one morning and walked to the corner of Broad and Walnut streets to wait for a Chestnut street car. An organ grinder with a monkey started to play the "Marseillaise." The monkey tripped across to the French gentleman and held up his paw. The foreigner placed therein a coin, and the monkey took off his little red cap.

Without a thought the polite Frenchman immediately raised his own silk hat in return to the salute, and the monkey ran to his master chattering with delight, a broad grin spreading over his little brown face.—Philadelphia Press.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The most precious bit of dog flesh outside of a coursing grayhound is going to quit England for America. The noble animal is the St. Bernard, Sir Bedivere, sold by T. H. Green to E. B. Sears, of Boston, for $6,500. This dog hasn't as yet left a prize untaken.

Hanlon dares O'Connor, after rowing Teemer and Gaudaur, to row him on Toronto bay for $1,000.

Sheriff James was assassinated at the depot at Randolph, Ala., as he alighted with a murderer. The assassin and prisoner escaped.

Judge George Stipp, of Joliet, Ills., who lost his reason because he would soon have to sentence a murderer, shows no signs of improvement.

At Stanwood, Mich., the hotel and general store of W. F. Carpenter was destroyed by fire. Loss, $4,500; fully insured.

Monday the state department of Michigan reported that during the five months from August to December 7,730,372 bushels, or 33 per cent. of the wheat crop of 1890 had been marketed.

The Illinois house adopted a resolution Tuesday instructing the United States senators from Illinois to vote for the free coinage bill. The F. M. B. A. members voted in the affirmative.

It is reported that no member of the lower house of the Kansas legislature wears a silk hat.

New York's state treasurer in 1890 handled $23,639,000.

Suit has been instituted at Mound City, Ills., against the Illinois Central railroad for $50,000 damages for injuries received by Mrs. L. Wear, of Hillsboro, Tex., in the wreck of the Knights of Pythias excursion train at Manteno last July.

The Union Oil, Gas, and Mineral company will resume boring at Minier, Ills. A well 1,000 feet deep was bored recently and nothing was struck, but it has been determined to bore to the Trenton rock.

Prince Bismarck has ordered a suite of rooms in a hotel at Cannes, which he intends to occupy during the latter part of the winter. He goes to Cannes on account of his health.

The 11-year-old son of Philip Orr, of Benton, Ills., was kicked in the head by a horse and died of his injuries.

The Italian Anarchist, Enrico Malatesta, has fled to England to escape prosecution.

Spain is said to fear that the United States may seize Cuba in retaliation for the destruction of the property of American missionaries on the Caroline islands.

Harry Hiend, 5 years of age, was burned to death in his father's house at Florence, Wis., Monday.

At Wilkesbarre, Pa., the Susquehanna is seventeen feet above low water mark. Street railway travel is abandoned.

Leland Stanford was re-elected to the United States senate from California Tuesday.

The steel mills of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal company and the Scranton Steel company are to consolidate so that they may better compete against the western mills.

There are, according to the state commissioner of railroads, 7,018.73 miles of railroad in Michigan. The gross earnings for 1890 aggregated $96,323,071.62; net income, $31,809,279.54.

Canada officials think that the Dominion will be hurt by the new tariff $500,000 on eggs and $1,800,000 on barley.

L. Morris, cloakings, Lispenard street, New York, has disappeared. Debts over $25,000.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's income from her books and plays amounts to over $22,000 a year.

M. Floquet has been re-elected president of the French chamber of deputies, receiving 282 out of 383 votes cast.

At Lexington, Ky., Miss Julia B. Bruce, daughter of Ben G. Bruce, the turf man, was married to Thomas R. Morgan, nephew of the Rebel Gen. John H. Morgan.

Mrs. Melvin A. White, of Wheaton, Wis., has been asleep for three weeks. All efforts to awake her have proved fruitless. It is believed she will soon die.

Official report is made that the invested funds of Harvard college amount to $7,121,854.

Patrick O'Hara was run over near Marshalltown, Iowa, and cut in two by an engine. He was 65 years old.

A boy of 15 was found hidden on a steamship at New York who had beaten his way from San Francisco by rail. His name is John Cronin, and he wanted to see more of the world.

At Bakersfield, Cal., Wednesday Andrew McKay struck a colored porter on the jaw, dislocating his neck and causing instant death.

It is reported that American manufacturers of spools, bobbins, and shuttles, in conjunction with British capitalists, are forming a syndicate with $5,000,000 capital to control the business.

The supply of natural gas at Columbus, Ohio, is expended, and the fixtures are being taken from the houses.

By the explosion of a keg of powder at Pana, Ills., two miners, named Hill and Smith, were fatally injured.

John and Frank Schwartz were found in their farm house, four miles south of Marseilles, Ills., John dead and Frank delirious from whisky. John's neck was broken. Both men had been drinking heavily for weeks.

Philander Walkins, of Oshkosh, Wis., was married three months ago. Christmas night he left his wife and fled to Antigo with a woman with whom he had lived twenty-two years. He is now under arrest.

The Russian minister of finance is buying up all the gold that he can obtain abroad. It is believed he must have accumulated as much as 15,000,000 rubles.

The Seaman's union, in session at Detroit Wednesday, decided to withdraw from the Knights of Labor and form an independent society.

Mrs. Amelia T. McTyere, widow of Bishop McTyere, of the southern M. E. church, died Wednesday morning at Nashville, Tenn.

Freeman Arnold, dealer in general merchandise, farm products, coal and lumber, at Hanover, Wis., has made an assignment. Liabilities, $30,000.

Milledge L. Bonham, ex-adjutant general of South Carolina, has confessed that he had embezzled $5,000 belonging to the state and promised to make restitution.

The government employes 611 colored men, distributed in part as follows: Interior department, 159; war department, 141; public printing office, 125.

Balfour has given $12,000 to his own fund for suffering Irish.

A permit has been issued by the auditor of Illinois, authorizing the State Bank of Rosedale, at Rosedale, Warren county, with a capital of $25,000.

In Everhart mine, Wilkesbarre, Pa., John Delemos and P. Dewelly were killed by a falling rock.

Governor Boies has reappointed J. R. Sage director of the Iowa crop and weather service bureau.

At Rochester, N. Y., an agreement was signed by every salt-producing firm and company in the western New York field that the prices of 1890 shall be maintained through 1891.

The board of trade and Farmers' Alliance of Palouse City, Wash., sent a carload of flour to destitute farmers in Cheyenne county, Neb.

At Iron Mountain, Mich., a policeman arrested Stephen A. Jack. This disgrace preyed on Jack's mind, and at 5 p. m. he was found hanging in his cell dead.

The gross loss in the earnings of three Scotch railways caused by the strike is £94,949.

The postoffice at Key West, Fla., has been robbed of $2,300.

President and Mrs. Harrison were Thursday dined by Senator and Mrs. Stanford.

A state convention of negroes has been called to meet on the 27th inst., at Topeka, Kan. The object is to recommend that the educational law be so amended as to admit negroes to all of the schools.

All saloon keepers in Missouri Valley, Iowa, have been indicted by the grand jury and arrested.

The Empress of Germany, since her confinement, has given a fresh proof of true womanly sympathy by ordering 100 complete sets of baby linen to be given away to poor mothers, irrespective of the fact of their being married or single.

On Thursday the Whisky Trust declared a monthly dividend of half of 1 per cent.

An appeal for aid has been sent out by the citizens of Lincoln county, Neb., claiming that 500 families are suffering for the necessities of life.

Donald McKinnon and his wife were found in their home at Goderich, Ont., mortally shot. The woman said her husband did the shooting in a jealous rage.

Attorney General Miller has announced his decision that maple sugar made prior to July 1 was not entitled to a bounty under the new law.

Green Watson, white, shot and instantly killed Frank Watson, colored, cook on the steamer Belle Crockett, near Texarkana, Ark., because the latter, who was waiting on the table, when asked for butter said there was none.

The house of representatives has passed a bill granting a pension of $50 a month to Gen. Franz Sigel.

A. C. Petrie & Co., wholesalers of lumber at Dallas, Tex., failed Friday for $190,000.

Englishmen have offered $3,000,000 for the Durango Mining company plant, located in New Mexico.

Bertrand Streeter, a musician, was arrested in Michigan City, Ind., charged with the larceny of a valuable cornet from C. G. Conn, of Elkhart.

William Huff, a 14-year-old boy, who has been on trial at Ottumwa, Iowa, charged with killing a companion through carelessness while hunting, has been acquitted.

At Lehigh, I. T., Mrs. Mattie Hetcher, a poverty stricken widow, choked her two little boys, aged 4 and 6 years, to death, and then, with them in her arms, jumped into the spring which supplies the town with water.

Frederick L. Ames, at $25,000,000, is reckoned the richest man in Boston, and his cousin, ex-Governor Ames, son of Oakes Ames, is worth about $10,000,000.

Bob Bennett, a barber, was shot and killed at Pueblo, Colo., by O. O. Citchell, a fellow-workman. The trouble between the two men was over Sunday work.

At Mankato it has been discovered that one Powlinson, a Sunday-school superintendent, had embezzled about $5,000 from his employer and had defrauded numerous friends of smaller amounts. Powlinson has disappeared.

Mrs. Julia Dunn, of Erie, Pa., received $500 damages in her suit for false imprisonment against Ezra Cooper, a banker. She sued for $100,000.

The regular quarterly dividend on preferred stock of 1 per cent. has been declared by the Lake Erie and Western.

William Hollister and Oscar Ewing, of Luton, Iowa, quarreled about a young lady, when Hollister shot Ewing, tearing away part of his jaw.

Because of a quarrel between the Electric Light company and the city council the city of Creston, Iowa, has been in darkness for the last three nights.

Andrew Kenmire was killed, John Mullier fatally hurt, and James Nugent seriously crushed Friday at Carnegie's mill at Pittsburg by being caught under a heavy casting, which broke a chain and fell upon them.

Arrangements were perfected at Burlington, Iowa, to put the rolling mill at that place into operation in the near future. The plant, which is the only one of the kind in the state, has lain idle for a long time owing to dissensions among the stockholders.

It is believed that Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, will restore to the state supreme court bench William C. Endicott, whom Mr. Cleveland took for a secretary of war.

It is claimed that the equestrian statue of George Washington recently completed at Westerly, R. I., for the Junior Order of United American Mechanics of western Pennsylvania is the first one to be executed in granite in this country.

At Boone, Iowa, a gasoline stove Mrs. John B. Anderson was using exploded, so badly burning her that she died a little later.

The Illinois equal suffrage convention for Fayette county was to have convened in Vandalia, but will be postponed indefinitely owing to the death of a near relative of Mrs. Wallace, mother of Gen. Lew Wallace.

Louis Long, a painter at Sioux City, Iowa, was shot about midnight Saturday by William Walters, a watchman. Long assaulted Walters, knocking him down, and Walters shot him through the heart.

Mrs. Wilson, of Ottawa, Kan., left her three young children alone in the house, Nora, the oldest, found a loaded pistol and accidentally shot her sister Sylvia.

John McDonald, a miner at La Salle, Ills., was instantly killed by falling from the Illinois Central bridge over the Illinois river. He was attempting to walk on the railway of the bridge.

A syndicate of swamp land owners have made arrangements to locate a number of Hollander families on a large tract of reclaimed land at Decatur, Mich., to engage in the cultivation of celery.

Work has been quietly going on at Irwin Station, Pa., on the foundation for an immense plate glass works. It is stated the works will be the largest in the country.

NEW YORK'S WATER TOWER.

A Department Chief Explains How the Apparatus Is Worked.

In principle the towers are very simple. There is an iron tube so pivoted over one end of a truck that its top may be raised to a height of sixty feet above the street pavement. The upper end terminates in a nozzle. Connected with the bottom of the pipe is a very large hose. From two to four engines may be coupled to this hose, and their united streams forced up through the pipe and out of the nozzle. The nozzle is controlled by a man on the truck, so that a solid 2½ inch stream may be directed through the top windows of a six story building with ease and certainty. The newest tower in the department differs from the older ones in several important details.

The old tower had to be raised by hand power, and it was a slow and tiresome job. Moreover, the old tower was made in sections and had to be screwed together by the men. The new tower has a twenty-eight foot pipe suspended inside of a slender steel derrick that is twenty-two feet high. The derrick is pivoted over the forward wheels of the truck and when not in use it, with the pile inside, lies prone upon the truck. At a fire the derrick is erected by means of what may be called engine power—the piston rods of two cylinders, which are very like steam engine cylinders, connect with the bottom of the derrick. Instead of steam, however, carbonic acid gas, which is generated in a retort suspended near the rear axle of the truck, is used.

This retort is partly filled with soda and water, and when the time comes for raising the tower a small quantity of vitriol is spilled into this mixture. The gas is generated in sufficient quantity to create a pressure in the cylinders of above 100 pounds to the square inch, and it is this power, exerted through the cylinders, that raises the derrick. The pipe is elevated above the derrick by means of a stout metal rope working over pulleys and a hand winch. The stream from the tower can be swung around in any direction and thrown up or down through a wide arc.—John R. Spears in Scribner's.

Undergraduate Perversity.

It owed its existence to a passage in "Charles O'Malley," in which Mr. Frank Webb disguised himself as an itinerent organist and went about the streets of Dublin playing on a hurdy-gurdy and collecting coppers. The government ought to have dealt very generously with our novelists, for few men have sent so many into the army as Charles Lever or so many into the navy as Capt. Marryat. I have known more cases than one of university men who have imitated Lever's whimsical notion of a practical joke; several university men have gone about the streets with blackened faces as Christy minstrels.

A little gamin of the streets was, however, too sharp for the undergraduate, although he was got up in the most approved hurdy-gurdy style and worked away lustily at the organ handle. The short street boy followed him for some time with great admiration, but with a serious doubt in his mind. Then he walked up to the itinerant musician and said: "You're not a hurdy-gurdy man. Look at your boots. Look at your hands. I'll go and tell the proctor." The discomfited undergraduate skedaddled to his rooms, and sent his very moderate earnings to a hospital.—Temple Bar.

The Faultless Work of Great Poets.

It is usually said, in hasty generalization, that the poetry of the present age is unique in the extreme refinement of its exterior mechanism. Those who say this are not aware that the great poets whose virile simplicity and robust carelessness of detail they applaud have almost without exception been scrupulously attentive to form. No modern writer has been so learned in rhythm as Milton, so faultless in rhyme arrangement as Spenser. But what is true is that a care for form and a considerable skill in the technical art of verse have been acquired by writers of a lower order, and that this sort of perfection is no longer the hall mark of a great master.

We may expect it, therefore, to attract less attention in the future, and although assuredly the jargon of Walt Whitman will not be accepted, technical perfection will more and more be taken as a matter of course, as a portion of the poet's training which shall be as indispensable and as little worthy of notice as that a musician should read his notes correctly.—Edmund Gosse in Forum.

The Odd People of Shetland.

The stranger will still find many curious and interesting relics of olden days and ways in Shetland. The ancient village or "toun" of Sound, two miles from Lerwick, is a veritable nest of odd old folks and things. The inhabitants pique themselves on possessing the exact spot of ground on which their ancestors dwelt for more than a thousand years. They show fine scorn for "oopstart Lerwick" in the oft quoted couplet:

Sound was Sound when Lerwick was nane;
Sound'll be Sound when Lerwick is dune!

and the "Sound wives" still visit Lerwick on Saturdays with their "kashies" on their backs, their knitting in full swing, and their noses high in lofty contempt, waiting on one another until all are done with their errands or shopping, and then returning to Sound, the embodiment of haughty toleration.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

Visitors in the Sick Room.

One of the most difficult things to manage is, not unfrequently, the matter of visitors. Comparatively few persons can visit the sick without doing more harm than good. Bedridden people and persons confined to their chambers or their homes by chronic ailments may often be greatly helped by friendly calls, by various little tangible expressions of sympathy, and in general by sunshine brought from the outside world, although even in such cases wisdom is required.—Youth's Companion.

WAGES OF SOME BIG MEN

ENORMOUS SALARIES PAID FOR SEEMINGLY LITTLE EFFORT.

Why It Is That Corporations Pay Large Sums to Their Managers—The Work Looks Easy—Public Officials Do Not Receive as Much as Business Men.

Chauncey Depew has always been very reticent as to his salary as president of the New York Central, but others who appear to be familiar with his income say that he certainly receives from the New York Central $75,000 a year, and that he makes from his outside legal practice an additional $25,000, making his total income $100,000 a year. This may seem an exorbitant sum to pay to a man whose career by most folks is thought to be one of unalloyed pleasure. But Mr. Depew does not receive the $75,000 from the New York Central in remuneration for any severe manual strain on his part, but for his comprehensive knowledge of the affairs of that company and his ability to direct them with the least possible friction. Mr. Depew's office from early morning to late at night is filled with all sorts of people with all sorts of questions, and the man who receives the big salary he does must be able to answer them most satisfactorily, and always in the interests of the New York Central.

INSURANCE AND BANKING.

Then take some of the salaries of other New Yorkers: H. B. Hyde, president of the Equitable Life Assurance society, receives $50,000; James W. Alexander, the vice president, $40,000, and John A. McCall, the comptroller, $25,000. R. A. McCurdy, president of the Mutual Insurance company, receives $50,000, and R. A. Grannis, the vice president, receives $30,000. W. H. Beers, president of the New York Life Insurance company, receives $60,000, and Dr. Henry Tuck, the vice president, $30,000. John R. Hegeman, the vice president of the Metropolitan Insurance company, receives $35,000. D. O. Heald, president of the Home Fire Insurance company, gets $35,000, and John W. Murray, the vice president of the German-American company, $35,000.

Then look at some of the salaries paid to the chief officers of banks and trust companies. Frederic P. Olcott, president of the Central Trust company, receives $60,000; Richard King, president of the Union Trust, receives $50,000; Gen. Louis Fitzgerald, president of the Mercantile Trust company, receives $30,000; John A. Stewart, president of the United States Trust company, toddles along with $50,000, and Col. W. L. Trenholm, president of the American Surety company, receives $20,000. President Williams, of the Chemical bank, and President Perkins, of the Importers and Traders, each receive $20,000, and the average salary of other bank presidents in New York is from $10,000 to $15,000. There is a long string of such salaries, and the general opinion is that the men earn their money.

The interests of these vast companies are all under the minute observation of the commanding officer. These interests extend over all the globe, and require the greatest judgment and the most skillful knowledge of affairs. Many of these officers by their keen knowledge of affairs of state and nation save their companies annually ten times the salary they receive. They are provided against almost every system of blackmail by reason of their vast experience in the conduct of their companies, and earn their salaries many times over.

Up in the dry goods district the big men of the Claflin company, Tefft, Weller & Co. and other firms of that caliber receive on an average $5,000 to $10,000 a year. There are several exceptions where buyers and others run their incomes up from $10,000 to $20,000 a year. This is in the dry goods jobbing branch, because in the dry goods commission branch the average salary of an employe is from $2,500 to $5,000 a year. There are exceptional people who receive $7,500. All of these people earn their money, too. The vast experience necessary to buy goods successfully and to keep in touch with the vast competition of the present day is certainly worth a liberal income. Then the selling of goods requires an extended acquaintance, much personal outlay and the temperament of a diplomat.

NATIONAL AND STATE OFFICERS.

Looking over these few facts and figures the salary of the president of the United States comes in for consideration. The president receives $50,000 a year, and from the day he enters the White House until the hour he leaves it very few men can tell how hard he earns his money. There can be no adequate rule of compensation applied to his case. The vast army of office holders and office seekers who besiege him ought to make the place worth $500,000 a year at least. But possibly the compensation for the place is eked out by its great honor and the hurras and cheers which greet the president, no matter how unpopular he may be, wherever he goes. The salutes of the great cruisers, the bands playing "Hail to the Chief," the great personal honors shown the holder of the office no doubt are intended to make up the compensation, which cannot be represented by his salary of $50,000 a year. The cabinet officers receive $8,000 a year; senators and congressmen receive each $5,000 a year. Governor Hill receives $10,000 a year, and the senators and assemblymen receive $1,500 a year. One has only to look at the difference in the figures received by men in public life and those paid to men who reach the pinnacle in business life in New York to observe the great difference and to wonder at it. The wonder is that men of the personal abilities at the head of the national and state governments should consent to accept the salaries paid to them. But then comes the universal statement that the honors of the places held by them in a measure must make up for this vast difference in the pecuniary compensation. — New York Sun.

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Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Seventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; H B Brady, R S, 505 22th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge st.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Schiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2241 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st, Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas, Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas, Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 338 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittenbmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thonnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Mannell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 S Boyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas, Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Farel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

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St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawton, C R, 261 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Banrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Bavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ava.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ava.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

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McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hiersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger av and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierolini, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter J Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasquee, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Moiyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2516 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R, E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Oronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth Avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; R. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec.; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2533 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st.; Pres. J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec. M. Blake Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P., Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st., P. W. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec. James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m. at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av. M. Reilly, V. P., Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 622 Forty-third-st., John Moore, Fin. Sec., Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret 444 Orden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden 476 W Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Bardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Doran, V P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec. Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P. J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec. T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m. in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 29 Emerson av., V.-P. Dennis Foley, Rec. Sec. John Roban, 336 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas. Martin J. Corcoran. Meets Paulina and Indiana st.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2882 Deering st., V. P. John J. Roche Rec Sec. James Lane, 3138 Ashland av., Fin. Sec. William J. Joyce, Treas. James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Bauer's hall Lock st and Archer av.

Div. No. 13—Pres., James Noonan, P. Austin Clark, Rec Sec. John Prendergast Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers, Treas. J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont Ill.

Div. No. 15—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 287 Michigan av; V-P., James Conway, Rec Sec. William Tait 81 George st Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meets third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Heneely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Keedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McJarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 2 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrics, 1201 N Western av; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec. P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st. V.-P., John McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter ...; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div No. 26—Pres. John McHenna, 5229 Wentworth av; V. P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4426 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 287 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Biren; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J Cunningham, 3533 S. Halsted st.; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 3754 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 2010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Dani Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Louisconing, Maryland.

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THE MARSEILLAISE.

How Rouget de Lisle Came to Write the National Hymn of France.

This idea of celebrating "The Marseillaise" is a worthy one, for it has led French troops to victory under republics and under an empire, while during the reign of Louis Philippe it was heard often, thus showing that it belongs to all classes.

Let me tell of its origin, though some of you may already have heard the story. France was in danger, her people were called to arms and they responded nobly. In the house of the mayor of Strasburg a friendly dinner was going on, at which men swore to die for liberty against the allied kings of Europe. Some one spoke of those heroic songs that stimulate the ardor of the soldier, and lamented because France had not one such. Rouget de Lisle, an officer of engineers, was at the table; it was known he dabbled at poetry and music, and the mayor asked him to compose a new march for his fellows. He set about the work immediately.

The night was superb. He took down his violin, played and sang. Air and words came both at the same time; the subject transported him. It was as if the soul of La Patrie was passing into his own, as if through his mouth liberty was uttering her enthusiasm and her generous anger. He wrote, he sang, he improvised, but it was the soul of France that dictated. In the morning six verses were completed, and, vibrating with patriotic excitement, he read the "War Song of the Army of the Rhine"—its first title—to his friends, who became electrified by the manly accents.

The new hymn was sent to Luckner, commander of the Army of the Rhine, who distributed manuscripts of it throughout Alsace, and it was executed on the public square of Strasburg. Thence it traveled over France and south to Marseilles, which town told it to her volunteers, and they sang it when they entered Paris on that 10th of August, 1792, when they took the Tuileries. That was how it got the name that will cling to it forever. It was played in the army, and generals said it was worth 10,000 men. Copies of "The Marseillaise" were ordered when requisitions were made out for weapons.

The aristocratic captain was desolate at having contributed the part which "The Marseillaise" had taken in overthrowing the monarchy, for he never intended his hymn should be a republican anthem. Later on, when proscribed as a royalist, he was fleeing over the Alps and heard its strains. "What is that hymn called?" he asked his guide. The peasant replied, "The Marseillaise," and it was thus he first learned the name of his own great composition. "The Marseillaise" became the national hymn of the First Republic, and it remained so under the First Empire. Napoleon had such admiration for the hymn that he prohibited its being performed except on grand occasions, just as the "Te Deum" is only sung when there has been a brilliant victory.

At St. Helena he said, "The imperial guard always marched to the tune of 'The Marseillaise.'" No wonder they won battles. Forbidden under the restoration, the song came into favor again with Louis Philippe. Because of hearing it sung at republican manifestations the government of the Second Empire prohibited its execution, but in 1870, the day war was declared, an order was issued authorizing its use, and the troops went out singing "The Marseillaise." More than this, managers of places of amusement were invited to perform it, and when Mme. Marie Sasse sang it at the Theatre Francaise women wept and men were wild with excitement. Her wonderful voice sang the words in a way that raised the morale of the population and provoked them to patriotic enthusiasm.—Paris Cor. Chicago Herald.

Ostriches in California.

The successful importations of ostriches from southern Africa in 1882 and 1883 caused a great deal of alarm to the Cape Colony growers, and the provincial parliament imposed an export duty of $500 a head upon them. Notwithstanding this well nigh prohibitory tax, enterprising Americans have since brought over something like 100 birds, and those already here have done so well that it is only a question of time when semi-tropical California will supply this continent with its ostrich plumes.—Cor. Chicago News.

In the United States the speed of trains varies so much on different railways, and in different parts of the country, that it is practically impossible to strike an average. Thirty to forty miles an hour is regarded as a very good rate, but a speed of from sixty to seventy-five miles an hour is often attained by fast trains under special circumstances.

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INFORMATION WANTED

Of Patrick Linehan, who, when last heard from, was living in Chicago, in the Stock Yard parish. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his aunt,

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ESTATE OF LUKE SINNON, ALIAS LOUIS Synan, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Luke Sinnon, alias Louis Synan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.

ISABELLA RYAN, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 13, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

H.R.EAGLE

JANUARY BARGAINS.

A Good Carolina Rice, per pound	5 cents
A 2 lb can White Cherries for	10 cents
A 5 lb bucket Pure Fruit Preserves for	50 cents
A 3 lb can Solid Meat Tomatoes for	8 cents
Joliet Standard Soap, 60 bars, 60 lbs, for	$2.10
Joliet Standard Soap, per single bar	4 cents
A 50 lb box California Dried Pears for	$4.48
California Dried Pears, per single pound	10 cents
A 20 lb box California Loose Muscatel Raisins for	$1.48
Old and Dry Pop Corn, per pound	5 cents
Sugar-Cured Hams, per pound	7½ cents
Herkimer County (N. Y.) Cheese, the finest per pound	15 cents
A 2 lb can Pears for	12½ cents
A 20 lb Pail Pure Fruit Jelly for	78 cents
A 2 lb jar Pure Fruit Jelly for	9 cents
A 3 lb can California Asparagus for	4 cents
Peeled and Evaporated Dried Peaches, per pound	13 cents

TOILET SOAPS AT 50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

Eclipse Toilet Soap, 4 cakes in box, per box	9 cents
Columbia, 3 cakes in box, per box	12 cents
Marechal Niel, 3 cakes in box, per box	19 cents
Cochin Cocoanut Oil Soap, 3 cakes in box, per box	14 cents
Superior Shaving Soap, per cake	5 cents
Genuine Tar Soap, per cake	5 cents
A 14 quart Heavy Dish Pan, each	15 cents
Radian Graters, each	2 cents
Boys' Clipper Sled, well made and painted; a few left; take them away while they last, each	9 cents

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ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

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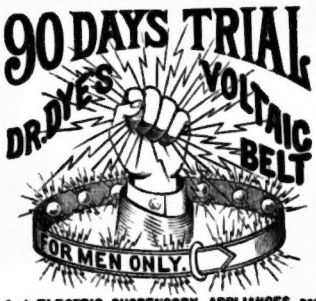

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ESTATE OF JAMES KEHOE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James Kehoe, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.

MARGARET KEHOE, Executrix of the last will and testament of James Kehoe, deceased.

Dated Chicago, January 7, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. December Term, A. D 1890 Edward Mackey vs. David Mackey. In Chancery. No. 87,740.

Notice is hereby given to the said David Mackey that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

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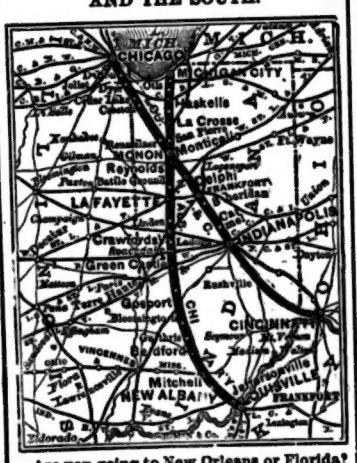

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